Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper

POSTAGE:
Inland, 2d. Canada & Newfoundland, 1½d.
Foreign, 3½d.

Vol. XXV. No. 326

EVE

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL

With which is incorporated
THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

June 9, 1926

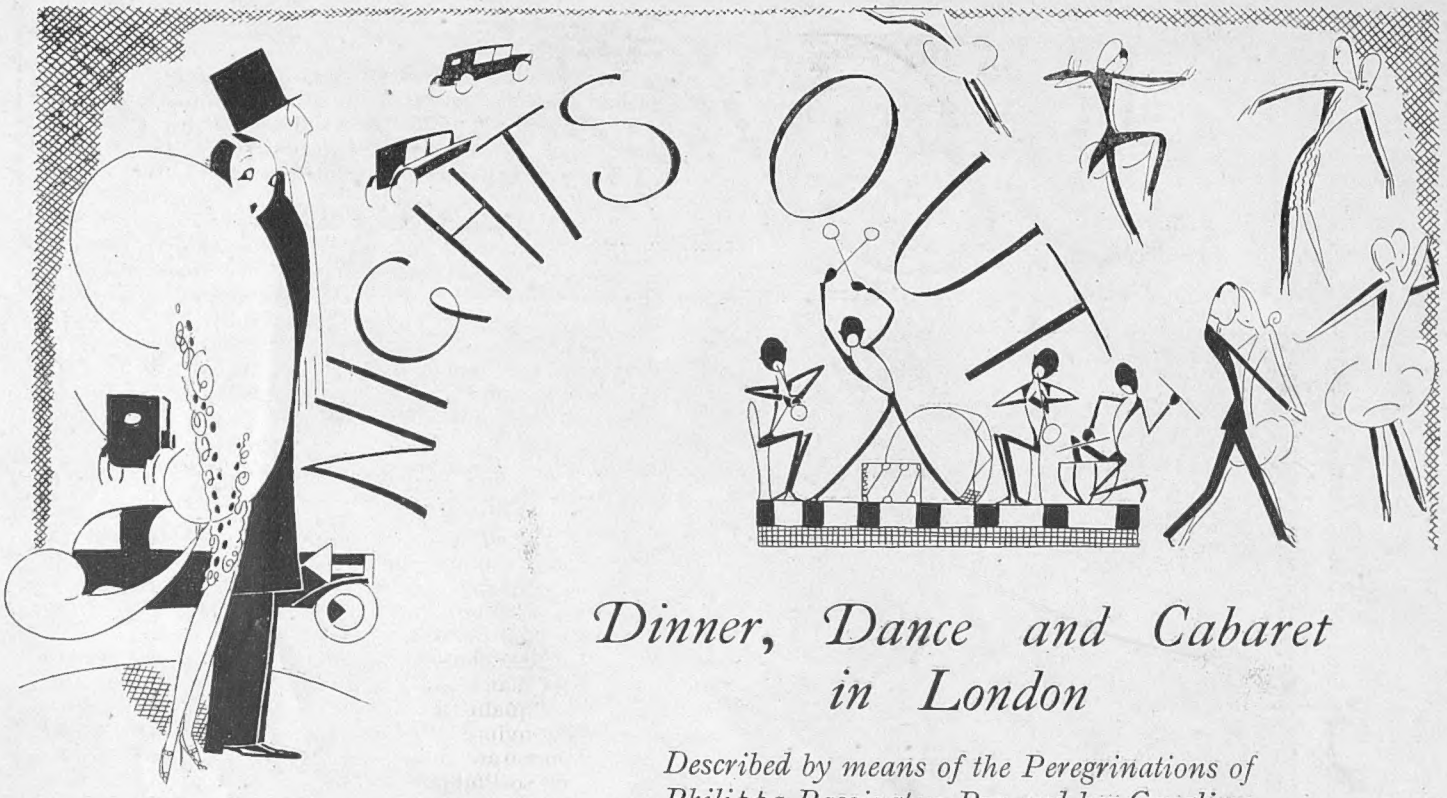
Elzin Studio, New York

Mme. Maria Jeritza

The beautiful Viennese prima donna who is one of the biggest draws of Covent Garden's international opera season. Madame Jeritza has a preference for Puccini's emotional heroines and has created many difficult rôles for Oberleitner, Strauss, Sckreker, and other modern composers

London Office :
6, *Great New Street, E.C*

Paris Office :
13 *and* 15, *Rue Taitbout*



Dinner, Dance and Cabaret in London

Described by means of the Peregrinations of Philippa Passington-Pry and her Cavaliers

No. 4. THE SAVOY

By Sydney Tremayne

Illustrated by "FISH"

PHILIPPA wanted to please her mother. She could not quite bring herself to stay at home, so she did the next best thing. She went out with Sir Roderick Woebley. "Webby" was a serious suitor and Pippa and her mother constantly advised one another to marry him.

It was Derby night and the party spirit was abroad. Webby took Philippa to the Savoy because there they had a cinematograph representation of Derbys past and present, and he felt that the horses were really racing and racing in his honour, because he was, almost more than anything else, an Owner.

He had had some horses running, rather slowly, at Epsom, and was feeling particularly ownerish that night. One of Webby's friends trained his horses, and the others laid them, so it was really a very satisfactory arrangement for everyone. He had quite a lot of friends whom he thumped on the back almost as often as he thumped himself on the chest.

"Webby" was really a terribly good sort. He believed the best of everyone and the best was that they shared his unbounded admiration for himself.

Sovrani, courteous and delightful and rather more smiling than usual, met them at the entrance to the restaurant.

"You like this table?" he enquired as if there were hundreds to choose from instead of every one being occupied by representatives apparently of every country in the world. There were even a few English people present.

"Splendid!" said "Webby" exuberantly and looked as if he was going to clap Sovrani on the back, but he was too quick for him.

"Wonderful man, Sovrani," "Webby" assured Philippa. "He likes me. I jolly him and he always looks after me. All these alterations are really his doing. He made the directors pull down that useless lounge place and throw out this ballroom."

Having assured himself that the special Derby night dinner was fit for an owner, Webby ordered it. They ate delicious ice-cold melon, madrilène aux paillettes d'or, then Timbale de Sole Empire, Filet de Chapon Epsom, asparagus and Parfait Glacé Derby. "Webby" drank Moet '15

The contrast. A Spanish lady with a real figure, tight black taffeta bodice and long pink chiffon skirt demonstrated the authentic tango for Fish to draw at the Savoy

Devotees of terpsichore in the new ballroom at the Savoy

and several Courvoisier brandies, while Philippa sipped orangeade, so that at the end of dinner she felt cool and aloof and he didn't.

"Webby" saw several people who liked him and told Philippa about it; she noticed several people who appeared to like her, but did not mention it.

"I think it is such a good idea to make the waiters all wear waistcoats with points in the front," said Philippa. "It makes it so much easier to distinguish them from the guests."

"Webby" insisted on dancing, and even burst into song when the Savoy Orpheans, at his request, played "I want to go where you go, do what you do, love when you love. . . ." He could not tango, so Pippa had a little respite when the Tango band, looking like a complete set of Rudolf Valentinos in their Argentine dress, performed.

"Webby" was enthusiastic about the music, so Philippa introduced him to M. de Morney, who is in command of the orchestras and arranges the wireless programme, and "Webby" thought he was a good fellow, and added "He seems to rather like me."

The coloured and illuminated glass alcoves and the airy, fountainous crystal chandeliers particularly took Webby's fancy, and he discussed with Philippa the advisability of having them in his own house and even spoke of "throwing out" a ballroom in which to put them.

"That would be lovely," said Philippa, "and when you gave a dance you could borrow some of the distinguished foreign visitors from the Savoy to make it look more natural and homey. Let's choose those we'd have. I'd like that lovely Spanish lady with the real figure, in the black taffeta bodice, and long pink chiffon skirts, and all three of the Indian Princes to begin with. Now it's your turn to pick."

But "Webby" would not play that game. He said he had enough friends to fill several ballrooms.

So Pippa put some more red on her lips and said her mother did not want her to be late.

"Your mother's a wonderful woman. I think she's rather fond of me—what?"

"Of course, she perfectly adores you."

"Wonderful woman, and never looks a day older."

"It's nights that tell. Mummie goes to bed early. She knows the secret of keeping young gracefully. She says that I am growing old disgracefully."

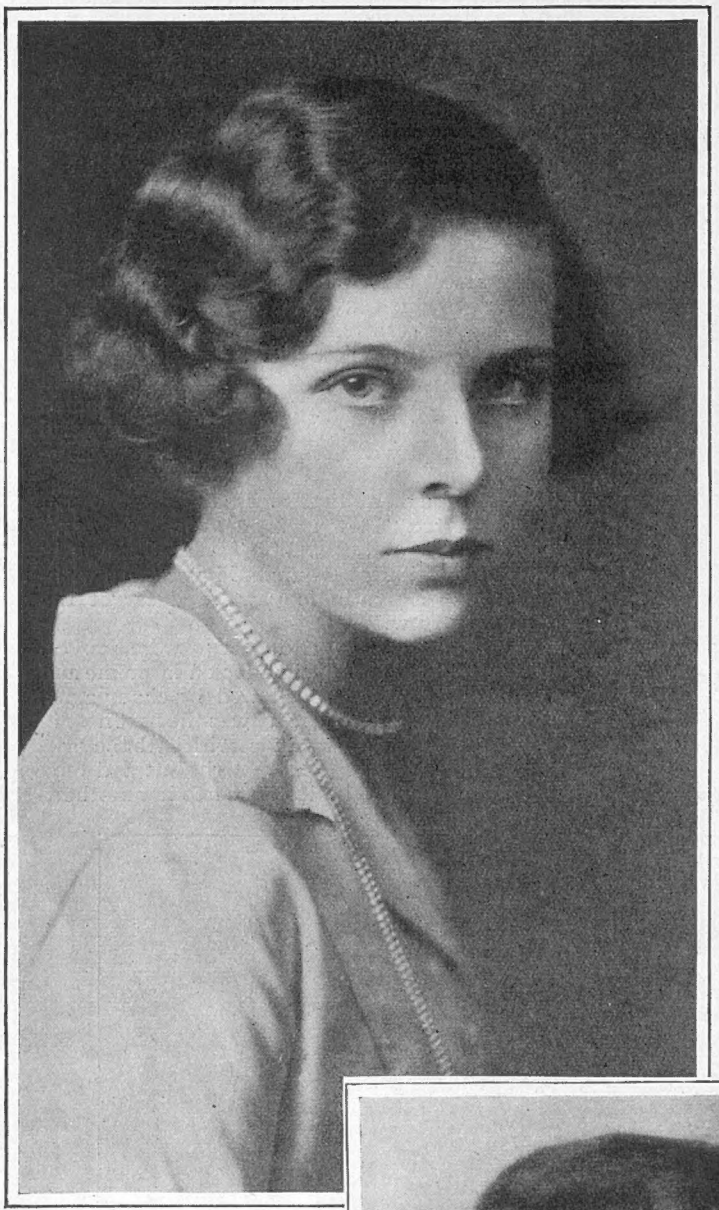
"You, old! You're a child. I'm old enough to be your father, but I assure you I feel young enough to be—"

"Shall we go?" Philippa gathered her cloak round her. "I've enjoyed myself so very much," she smiled at him sweetly. "But I'm the weeniest bit sleepy and to-morrow is *such* a busy day for me. I'm going to have my hair cut."

But curiously enough, at that moment Nibs Tobyson and Baby Bretherton "blew in for a spot of supper," and joined Philippa and "Webby"; simultaneously waiters began to distribute favours. Pippa stifled without difficulty a synthetic yawn and forgot the strenuous morrow.

Nibs, whose digestion and energy were proverbial, managed to consume haddock à la crême and vast quantities of coffee followed by champagne, to convince "Webby" that he was the best host in London and to dance every dance with both the girls. And so Philippa saw one more night out and took a Parisian doll and a balloon back to her mother.

Philippa sees one more night out and lets in the dawn



Hay Wr ightson

Miss Tanis Guinness

Mrs. Benjamin Guinness' debutante daughter for whom her mother gave a very successful dance earlier in the season. Mrs. Guinness, the late Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley's daughter, has a house in Carlton House Terrace, and a beautiful home in Washington Square, New York City, where her husband has big banking interests.

Bassano

Miss Joan Bromley-Davenport

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bromley-Davenport's daughter. Her parents have taken a house in Draycott Place for the season

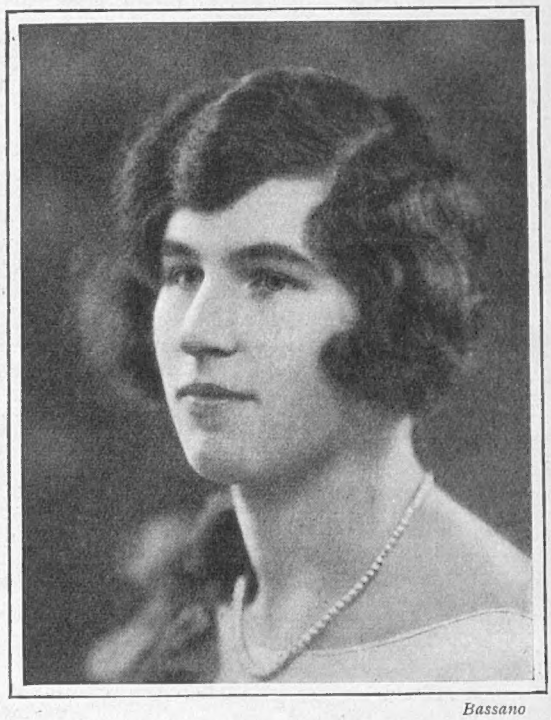
1926 PATTERN

Some charming debutantes who are going to Court this season

Hay Wrightson

Miss Desirée Thesiger

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Eric Thesiger's daughter is to be presented by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Percy Thesiger. A dance was given for her last month



Bassano

Miss Marjorie Cator

Mrs. Lumley Cator's daughter who came out recently at a dance given for her in the country. She is also being presented

By VIOLA TREE

Continuing the Special Series of

WOMEN OF THE DAY

No. 4.—Lady Violet Bonham Carter

Reginald Haines

Lady Violet Bonham Carter

I SAW her first at the age of nine or ten at Mrs. Wordsworth's, the fashionable, indeed the only, dancing classes for what were then called young ladies. She danced in the front row, I about two rows behind her—I think we were about the same age, so the reason for her leading the class must have been her prowess. There were only two in the front row at that time—Lady Violet and a lovely creature called Hersey Maltby.

Lady Violet's face was too pale and too grown-up to be pretty, but she had flaxen sausage curls, very long, which I envied. In Tchekov's play, "Uncle Vana," the girl asks her stepmother if she is pretty, and the stepmother replies that she has lovely hair; the girl then passionately objects that when people are not pretty they are always told that they have beautiful hair. However, Lady Violet achieved the kind of looks that are admired in their way; and were it not that she refuses, even in these days when we paint an inch thick, any kind of aid to beauty, any hint of artifice, she would make much more of what is now a distinct and interesting type. It is difficult to say these things and yet it is very important to note in a person's character that they are without vanity or artificial devices to please.

But to go back to the time when she was twelve. She was a beautiful dancer, "a wave of the sea," though her stepmother, Mrs. Asquith, now Lady Oxford, would not allow her to wear the flat ballet shoes, but made her wear low high heels because Kate Vaughan, the great dancer of her own youth, wore them so. For the rest, she was very well dressed in black lace over dull red, like a Goya, or in black accordion pleats which set the fashion for the class. Mrs. Asquith became so interested in her husband's children, and associated herself so much with their lives, that strangers do not realise that Raymond, Violet, Herbert, Arthur and Cyril were not her own children. The children of Lord Oxford's second marriage being Elizabeth Bibesco and Anthony Asquith.

As a child Violet was quiet, gentle, restrained, and showed none of her amazing repartee and powers to criticise which became some of her best and her worst characteristics later on. She was tremendously educated, partly through being sent everywhere where anything that mattered was going on, and partly by reading the same books as her brothers, who belonged to a famous Balliol group. I have always said that the proper study for womankind is man, and Violet was the centre of a group of men, the greatest of which was her father, with whom she was on friendly as much as filial terms.

The next time I saw a great deal of her was when she came out. One day, on entering a ballroom in Arlington Street, surrounded by tall, lean young men, I found her miraculously dressed in a Paquin gown of white tulle; and by then the strangely slim, almost frail creature had acquired a wonderful vocabulary and troops of friends, men and women.

She never became spoilt by her admirers, incongruous in their difference from one another, but she became exceedingly intolerant of silliness, sentiment or folly in any form. She set too high a standard and, though gentle to the really stupid or downfallen, she shut out of her understanding those that were flightier than herself or those who exposed their hearts too soon and too often. One might have wished for more frailty of mind in her to go with her ethereal step and gentle voice.

She looks, perhaps, more delicate than she is, and outdoor life and games, but chiefly open air for its own sake, mean a great deal to her.

She is more interested in people than things and this may have prevented her from entering upon a career of some sort, which so many people with her brains and equipment would have done. Her father once said she had a man's brain—all this she has put into her domestic life, her power of conversation and her interest in her friends. One of these friends of the old group she married—he was then private secretary to Lord Oxford and Asquith, now Sir Maurice Bonham Carter—this was in 1915.

She first took Dorset House, which you look at when you face north up Manchester Street. She made it lovely with an airy kind of pale luxury which suited it and her, and here her three children, Cressida, Laura and Mark, were born.

While touching wood for her, I must say that everything has gone right and that Fate has been kind, though no doubt her "man's brain," of which I have already spoken, had a good deal to do with it. She had the adversities, natural shocks which are "common," but no misfortune coming from herself, and this I think is rare.

Despite the fact that she never lacked anything in her father's house, nor for a moment for money, being cast on the lonely beach of running a house on rather less means than one's position requires, never confounded her, and the right servants, the right moment for letting a house, the right curtains, home from the cleaners on the right day, always seemed to come to her.

Her first married adversities came with the death of many friends in the war and of her brilliant elder brother Raymond. Then the crisis which swept Lord Oxford from power held her and she began to take up politics actively. One of her greatest friends said to me that she is one of the few women who have Liberalism in their bones. In the by-election at Paisley in 1920 she discovered quite suddenly that she had great gifts as a speaker. I have already said that her voice was rather remarkable, and I imagine that in speaking the power of emphasis without strain must be a great asset of hers. A critic might say she knows too many words to express the same thing, and therefore uses three adjectives when one would do, but this is a characteristic of her father's speaking and his purple patches are often enriched with the use of a double adjective or a descriptive verb.

It will be remembered that there were three General Elections in three successive years. In these she stood by her father's side and spoke, fighting for his Party—sent all over the country.

(*Continued on page* 540)

THE POTTERS OF TO-DAY

The modern potter's thumb magically endues his subjects with life and fire and character lacking in pallid bloodless clay of his 18th century predecessors

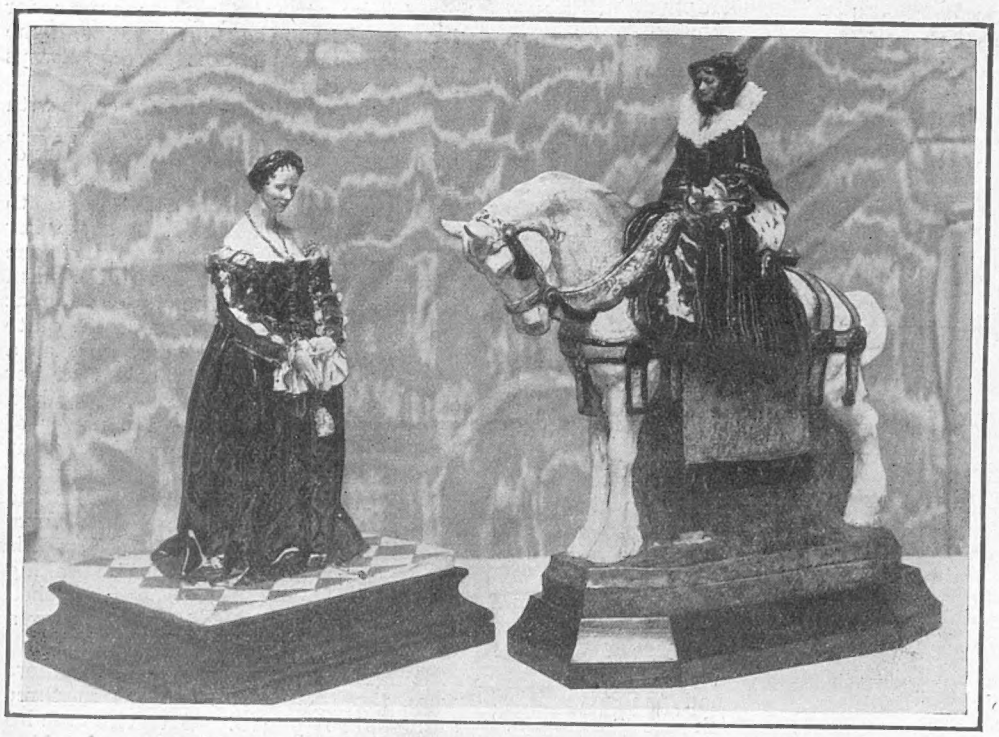
By Margot Hirons

" In Praise of Chardin," a characteristic figure by Miss Gwendolen Parnell, who won the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition last year, and whose " Beggar's Opera " porcelains have been secured for the London Museum

SOMEBODY once said (it was probably Mr. Shaw) that if you really want to get at the truth about anything you should generally disbelieve the credible and put all your trust in the incredible. In other words, to say that a thing *is*, merely because this happens to be the comfortable view, and the popular one, is usually to find that it is not.

Here is an example of this: the work of the potters of to-day equals and often far excels that of the famous potters of the eighteenth century. This sounds a shocking heresy, tactless and even absurd — from the conventional point of view it is incredible. Being incredible, it is probably the truth. Any honest lover of beautiful things has few doubts on the subject when he compares the work of Master Charles Gouyn and Nicholas Sprimont (who founded the first Chelsea Pottery in 1745) with that of Mr. Charles Vyse, Miss Gwendolen Parnell and other members of the modern Guild of Potters.

" London Types," by Charles Vyse, whose portraits of Cockney street types are fascinating. This London flower girl—an Eliza Dolittle, in her straw hat and Hoxton shawl, grown a little wistful, perhaps, but still with a humorous twist to her full red lips, is a living thing



Two porcelain studies of Gloriana " Elizabeth in Chelsey," by Gwendolen Parnell, and " Elizabeth," by Stanley Thoroughgood. One can well imagine Miss Parnell's Elizabeth in Chelsey, young and demure, but with the pungent wit of Gloriana peeping from behind the veil of modesty

The finest porcelain figure that ever came from the kilns of old Chelsea is, however exquisite in form and conception, only a pallid, bloodless thing of clay. The modern potters differ from the ancients, in that by some magic or other, they breathe life into the clay they mould. The porcelain statuettes of to-day seem to be made of flesh and fire, passion and pain; they are emotional, enchanting, sometimes satanic—always alive.

Look at Charles Vyse's portraits of Cockney street types; he has immortalised the twentieth century gipsies, with their ferns and firewood and clothes pegs to sell; the peddler of buttons and tapes; the old woman with kettleholders. He has given us a marvellous study of a London flower girl—an Eliza Dolittle, in her old straw hat and black jacket, and one of

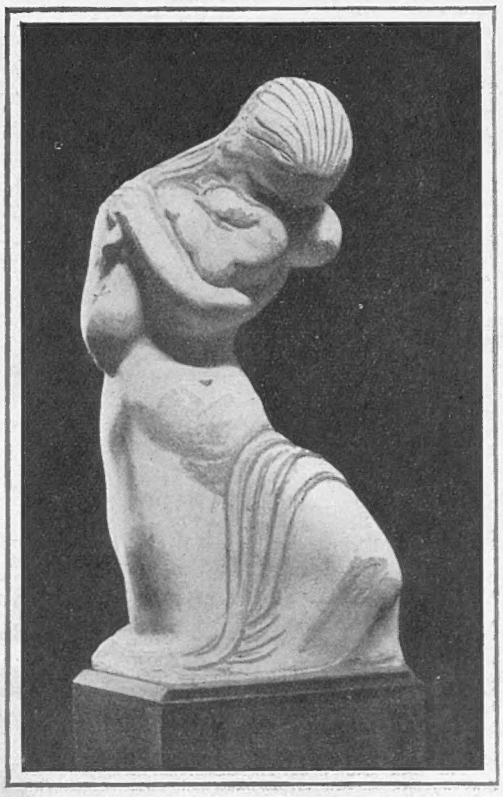
those queer buff shawls which can only be shopped down 'Oxton way. She has grown a little wistful, maybe, but her full red lips have still their humorous twist, and, watching her as she stands in her niche in the china cupboard, you half expect her to break into a whine of, "Garn, capting! Buy a banch o' voylets!" To regard a china "ornament" from this intensely personal standpoint may sound nonsense, but it is actually how the modern pottery figures trick the mind of the beholder.

Miss Gwendolen Parnell, who won the Grand Prix at the Paris Exhibition last year, was the creator of the Beggar's Opera porcelains—a full collection of which has been secured for the London Museum. This artist very often chooses to portray subjects of history and romance. The Faithful Warrior—a clean-eyed boy in armour—is utterly beautiful; and one wonders if there was ever a Queen Elizabeth quite as real as this one in the petunia velvet gown, with the slim white shoulders and the string of green beads. Surely Gloriana did look like this . . . one fine day in Chelsey. She is young, this queen, and demure, yet one somehow expects to see her raise her downcast eyes and make some naughty remark worthy of . . . Gloriana! "Sumer is i-cumin in" is Botticelli's Primavera come to life and dancing through a thicket of flowers. "In Praise of Chardin"—a small girl holding an apple—is delightful, and another child study by Miss Parnell is "The Slave Owner," a blue-trousered, shirtless hooligan of (perhaps) three years. This villainous pirate wears the turban and ear-rings of his *confrères*, and in his belt is stuffed, not a dagger or a brace of pistols, but—a child's rattle!

Portraits in porcelain are becoming extremely popular. Ethel Sleigh and Phyllis Simpson's work in this direction is becoming famous. Regard their portrait of a lady known to the public as "Miss 1924." With her skimpy yellow frock, Spanish shawl, cigarette and shingle, she is the epitome of modern womanhood. "Bunty" is the nude study of seriously lovely little girl. Another lovely nude is "The Crocus-picker." Very successful are the portraits of an old country couple. The old woman, standing in her garden patch of blue delphiniums, is holding a Sussex trug full of cabbages; her shepherd companion, in corduroys

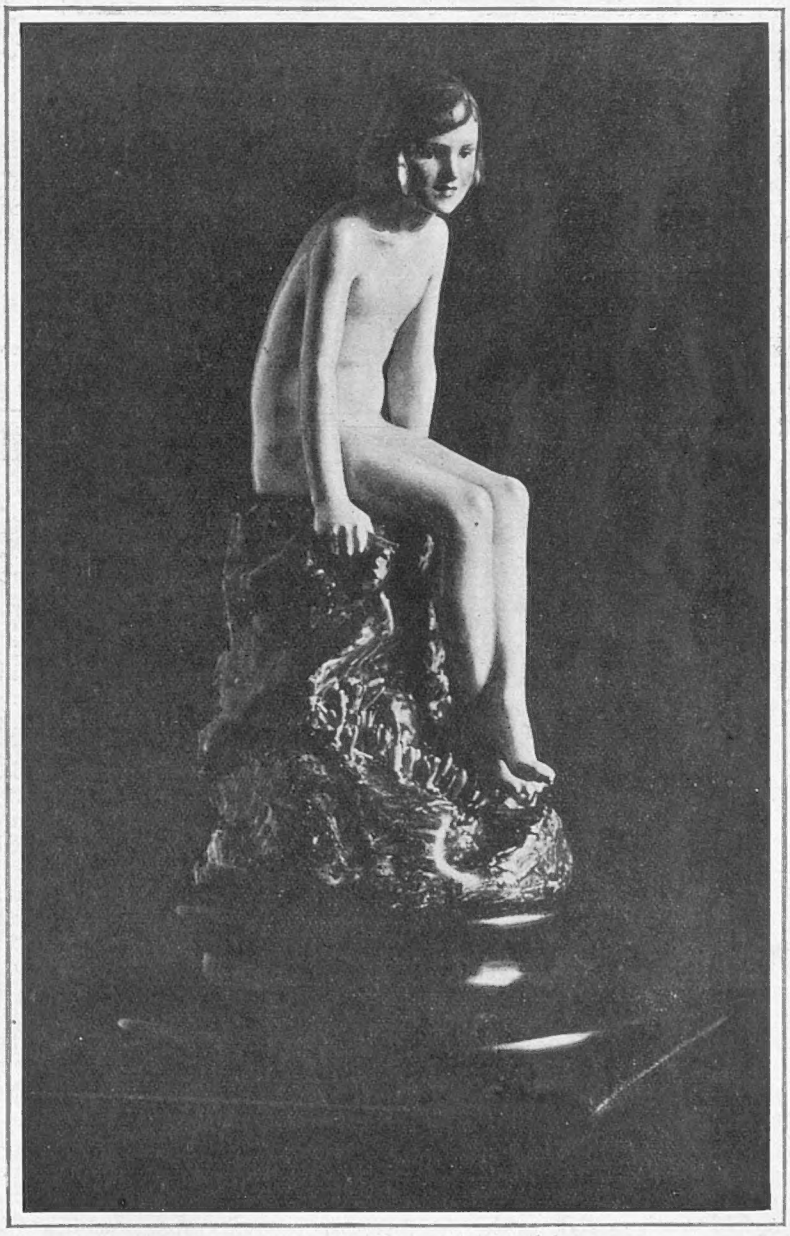
(*Continued on page* 538)

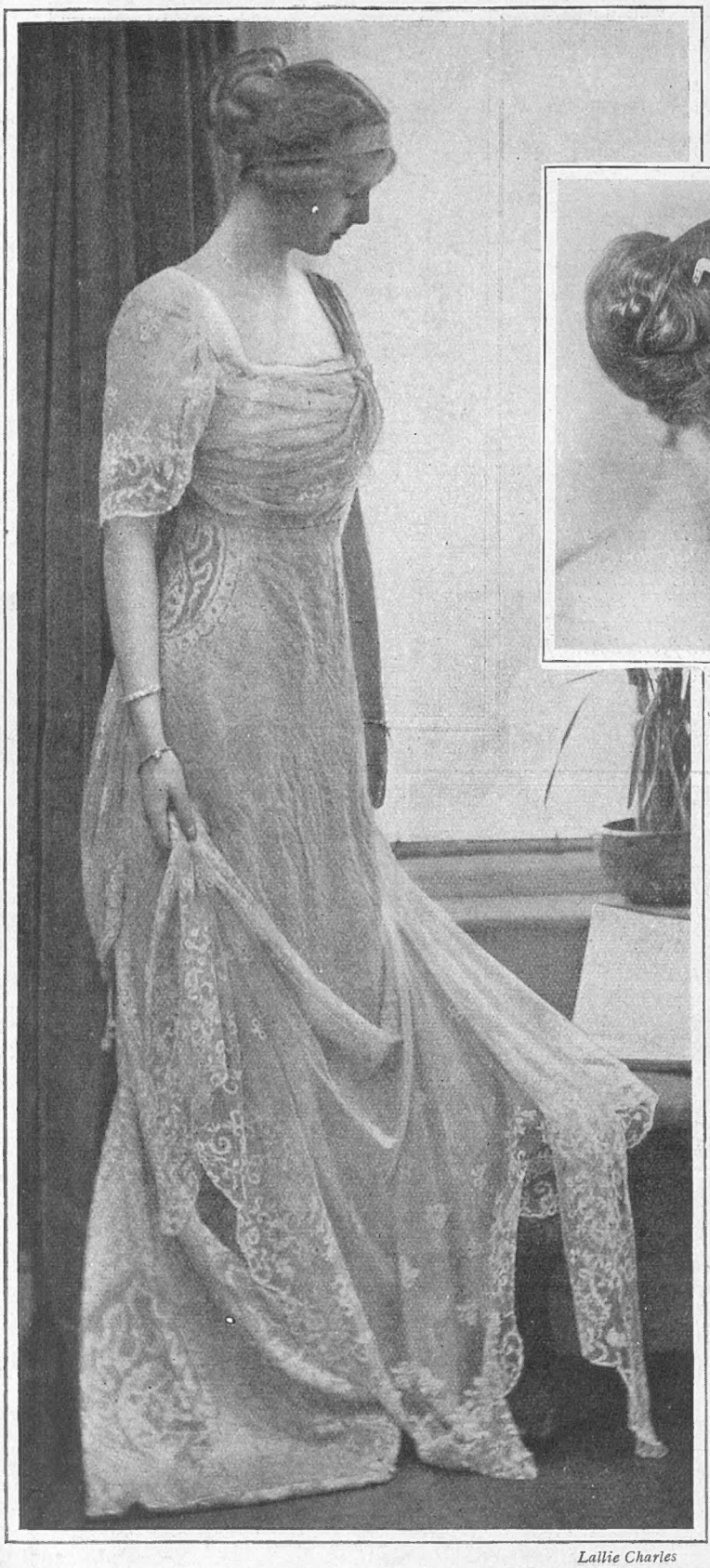
"Sumer is i-cumin in." Botticelli's Primavera come to life and dancing through a thicket of flowers, is another of Miss Gwendolen Parnell's delicious studies



"Maternal Love," by Wilfred Norton, is an example of the modern potter's art in a different vein. Possessing all the bold, clean beauty of sculpture, these figures express the spirit of rhythm, harmony and repose

"Bunty" is a nude study of a seriously lovely little girl by Miss Ethel Sleigh and Miss Phyllis Simpson which comes into the group of porcelain portraits which are increasingly popular





Lallie Charles

In 1912, when this photograph was taken, Lady Curzon was Queen of Beauty in the Mediæval Tournament at Earl's Court. Her draped, lace corsage and waisted, close-fitting dress were typical of the mode of that moment

In 1914 Lady Curzon wore her lovely golden hair, now shingled, piled at the back of her head and held by a jewelled pin

Yevonde

E. O. Hoppé

Another way in which Lady Curzon did her hair in the days when it was long

Lady Curzon epitomises the fashions of 1915 in this flounced tulle dress with the long narrowing skirt

Yevonde

OTHER DAYS, OTHER FASHIONS

No. 4

Viscountess Curzon

SECOND THOUGHTS ON FIRST NIGHTS

"Nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards. . . . Mark only, I write not for them."—STERNE

By Sir Topaz

"Engaged"—*Globe Theatre*
and
Some Other Matters

POSSIBLY one of the most interesting of recent events in theatre-land was the Annual Dinner of the Critics' Circle. The guests of honour included Dame Nellie Melba, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Sean O'Casey and Lord Cromer. On behalf of the critics were several speakers who ought to have known, or at any rate, done better. Dame Melba declined to say anything in view of her forthcoming farewell, giving one to understand that the smallest leak in the pathetic reservoir might cause the whole dam to give way. Lord Cromer put up what was certainly the weakest defence of the Censorship that I have ever heard. The truth about the Censorship is simply this. In the beginning it had nothing whatever to do with morality; it was invented by a government for political ends and in order to prevent itself being laughed at. It can only be defended on the ground that the average censor is less stupid than the average policeman, which, in the past, has been highly debatable. Perhaps it should be said of Lord Cromer that he has fulfilled an imbecile office with conspicuous ability. He very seldom bans a good play, though his mistakes, when he makes them, unlike the servant girl's are good healthy specimens of more than average weight and size. And there are times when his innocence permits him to pass innuendoes and suggestions which would have appalled a Restoration dramatist at his worst.

A seven-year-old artist

Peggy Somerville, the little daughter of Mr. Charles Somerville, making a sketch of Joan Clarkson who plays in Cochran's Revue of 1926. *Peggy has talent far in advance of her years, and is to give an exhibition of her pictures in a Bond Street gallery*

AFTER putting up a particularly feeble defence of his office his lordship was incautious enough to say that nobody wanted the opening of theatres on Sunday. This brought Mr. Baughan magnificently to his feet. Everybody knows that it is impossible for anybody to be as wise as Mr. Baughan looks as he sits in his stall, or as sound as he proves himself to be in next morning's *Daily News*. A kind of quizzing sanity is Mr. Baughan's "note," and perhaps we do not always look to him for enthusiasm. He said the two incontrovertible things about opening of Sunday theatres. It would be a boon to the mass of the people whose one free day it is, and it would be of great material service to the profession who would take for their day of rest the always unprofitable Monday. On the Sabbatarians' point he was not ashamed to say the almost too obvious thing—that if cinemas are allowed to be open so, too, ought the theatres, and that if the Sabbatarians were not hypocrites and humbugs they would close the cinemas forthwith. And then Mr. Baughan went on to attack those Sunday societies whose ardour is the bane of the dramatic critic's existence. There could be no valid reason, said Mr. Baughan, why people who desire private orgies should not have them in their own houses. Whereat that wise and elderly youth, Mr. Beverley Nichols, was observed to emit a modest "Hear, hear!" "But there could be no reason," the speaker went on, "why private persons should be allowed to conduct their orgies in public on Sunday evenings." With everything that Mr. Baughan said in a very notable speech Sir Topaz found himself in complete accord. Mr. Sean O'Casey made a vigorous and amusing speech. Orations were delivered by and on behalf of the musicians, and one wondered yet again why it is that Music, which so delights our souls, should never find anything to say to divert our minds.

MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN, Sir Topaz understands, is to tackle in the autumn the great play *Hedda Gabler*. This is a notable resolve. The part of Hedda is one to test to the full the powers of any actress, and what Miss Bannerman can do with a fine part we all know. In the meantime this clever artist may be excused for taking things lightly and easily. *Engaged* is the lightest of comedies which can hardly be said to tax her powers. It is all about a charming young lady who, by some inadvertence, has suffered divorce at the hands of three husbands. These three husbands are most amusingly played by Mr. S. J. Warmington, Mr. H. G. Stoker, and Mr. Edmund Breon. Matilda—fancy this ultra-*chic* artist impersonating anybody with so humdrum a name!—is in love with a fourth young man personified by Mr. Herbert Marshall, and can think of no better way of securing him than by getting engaged to Mr. Leonard Upton, his nephew. That she must ultimately find a haven in Mr. Marshall's strong and manly arms is obvious from the beginning of the play, and perhaps one might also have foreseen that the three pilots necessary to get this distressed lady into port would be her three previous husbands. The ultimate harbour is the lady's bedroom, and the pilots, to make a satisfactory job of it, appear in their shirt-sleeves. Matilda may have thrown her cap over many windmills, but these in return throw many dinner-jackets over the balcony of Matilda's bedroom.

POSSIBLY Mr. Hurlbut's farce has not got a great deal of point, though Miss Bannerman's brilliance and vivacity made us think that it had. Acting can be witty even when there is no wit to enact, and that Miss Bannerman is a very witty actress will not be gainsaid. Let us hope that she will get a light-hearted season out of this unpretentious piece of fooling, and so brace herself for the great adventure which is before her in the autumn. Among the characters in the piece is a mildly imbecile old lady wonderfully portrayed by Miss Nina Boucicault, who was, as everybody knows, the first and only Peter Pan. But Sir Topaz remembers the time when he saw Miss Boucicault's *Sweet Lavender*. The theatre was Terry's, and the year 1899. Sir Topaz was a young man then, so young that he lost his heart to Lavender, wrote to her saying that he had seen the piece three times in one week, that it exceeded in interest even *Lord and Lady Algy*, and would Lavender send him her photograph, please? The photograph came by return of post with a letter which is still treasured. "I am glad you like the piece at the Avenue," wrote Ittle Lavvy to her unknown admirer, "because Mr. Kelly, my husband, is playing in it." Was ever young man bidden more charmingly to woo elsewhere?

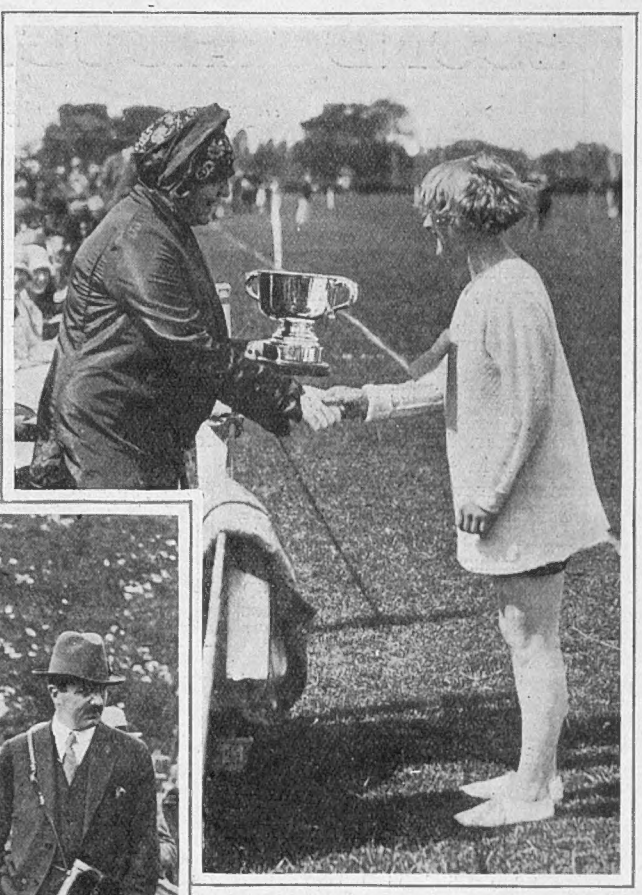
IS ZAT SO?

The camera supplies information as to who does what

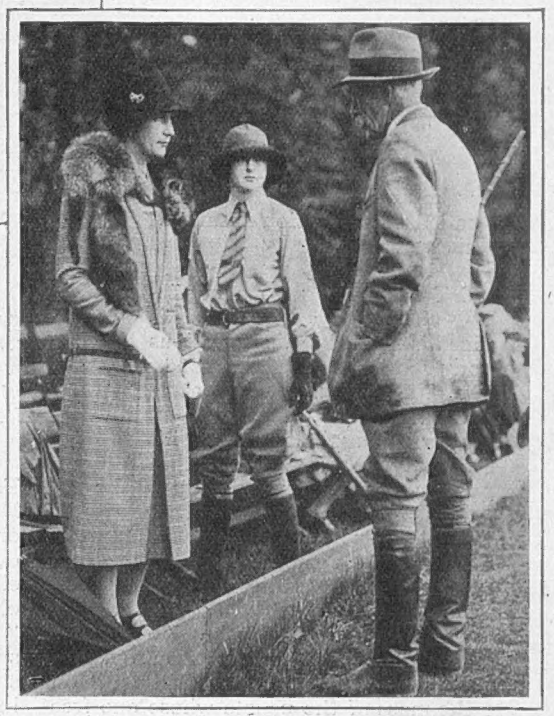
Lenare

Here is Miss Teresa Jungman wearing one of the new trousered négligées which are the vogue of the moment. Miss Jungman, who answers to the petit nom of Baby, is Mrs. Richard Guinness' daughter

Sir George Bullough (below) talked to Lord and Lady Stanley in the paddock at Lingfield. Sir George Bullough is the owner of Harpagon who started at 40 to 1 in the Derby



Lady Burbidge presenting the John Appel Cup to Miss M. Butler, at the Harrodian A.A.A. Annual Sports



Lady Ramsden and her daughter talking to a distinguished personality in the polo world, Col. E. D. Miller, at the Roehampton Gymkhana in which Miss Ramsden competed

One good stick deserves another

Miss J. Pike, Miss G. Maurice, Mr. Maurice and Sir Robert Wright (on left) went out with the Courtney Tracey Otter Hounds. The meet was at Wilton

Another big push

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS

The Season's whirl gathers momentum—"Buds" and their Balls—Venetian Carnival

On the the left are Mrs. Branfill and Miss Cecilia Nickalls apparently enjoying a somewhat unsafe form of transport in the Roehampton Gymkhana. Anything may happen during a wheelbarrow race if the pace is really hot

Well away at Roehampton

A team going full trot in the Lloyd Lindsay race. The Roehampton Gymkhana is always amusing both to watch and to compete in

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Jocelyne Hotham

The present Lord Hotham's cousin, the Hon. Jocelyne Hotham is to be presented this month by Lady Hornby. She was born in 1908 *and is the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Assheton's younger sister*

criticised audibly the audacity of Bostoning buds, and descended from their Olympian heights only for supper and the Lancers.

The present-day chaperones are, for the most part, almost as young-looking and just as beautiful as their daughters, and they dance even better. They can hardly be expected to sit at home and play Mah-Jhong just because they have a girl old enough to cut her hair short.

"AND HER MOTHER CAME TOO."

THE social procession is getting more and more like the traffic in Piccadilly, or on the roads to Epsom and Ascot. Its condition is analagous to that of the motor trade — more and more cars coming on the road and the old ones still going strong. Hundreds and hundreds of lovely debutantes coming out and their mothers still young and attractive and socially indispensable. The result is a revival of the chaperone system, but the chaperones of 1926 are very different to those of the Whalebone Era, when a daïs was provided for grey-haired, high-bosomed dames armed with lorgnettes and prejudice who, between their yawns,

There are such *crowds* of coming-out dances and dinners that one can't even attempt to give a list of them, let alone of "those present." Lady Massereene, whose girl, the Hon. Diana Skeffington, has come out at seventeen, gave one of the largest and most brilliant last week. in her lovely gold-walled ballroom. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were at the preliminary dinner party, and so was the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, who is entertaining a large party at Hackwood for Ascot and is giving a dance at her very beautiful house in Carlton House Terrace for her daughter, Marcella Duggan, on June 25.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland were at dinner, Lady Evelyn Guinness, Viscount Gage and Lord and Lady Plunket. She inherits her beauty from her perennially pretty mother, Fanny Ward—whom Anita Loos describes so amusingly in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" as a "cute little American girl"—and acquired a fortune through her first marriage to Captain Jack Barnato, who was killed in the war. She is a friend of the Duke and Duchess of York and of the Connaughts.

(*Continued on page* 497)

THE BEST PEOPLE

Or at any rate some of them at various fixtures

In this quartette photographed at Cardiff races only three names were signalled, those of Mr. Charles Forestier-Walker, the Hon. Mrs. Bevan, and Mr. Bruce

On the right are Lord and Lady Haddington, Miss Margaret Coats and Miss Maud Hunnewell at the Amateur Golf Championship at Muirfield. Mr. Sweetser's great victory caused his American supporters to burst into song for over an hour

Lingfield races, held in pleasant weather, attracted, among others, Viscountess Hardinge and Miss Meyrick

Photo (left) by Balmain

The crowded stand at the Shropshire and West Midland show, with Mr. A. A. S. Villar, Miss Corbet and Miss Warner in the foreground. The show was held at Shrewsbury this year

On the left is Brigadier-General Ronald Cheape on his winner, Æsop, at the Market Rasen Chases. Mrs. Cheape and Mr. Gera'd Armstrong are also in the picture

Howard Barrett

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS—*continued from page* 495

Another "good party," and one at which colour schemes played an important part, was the Marchioness of Ailesbury's ball for her girls, Lady Ursula and Lady Rosmary Brudenell Bruce. Lady Ailesbury was all in gold, Lady Ursula wore white chiffon embroidered with pale green, and her sister apricot-pink chiffon. Dinner was at three separate tables, each with a different colour scheme, one pink, one mauve, and one yellow. The supper was in a room built out in the garden and hung with panels of tapestry.

Nearly all the Embassies were represented, including the Rumanian—Mme. Titulesco is always a striking figure at the many London parties to which she goes.

All the duchesses who have unmarried daughters seemed to be there—the Duchess of Norfolk with Lady Rachell, the Duchess of Buccleugh with two of her girls, the Duchess of Hamilton with two. Lady Headfort brought Lady Millicent Taylour, Lady Churston, the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, and Baroness Zouche was with her daughter Barbara, whose marriage to Mr. Prior Palmer is fixed for July 6.

MASQUERADE

As has already been mentioned in EVE Mrs. Benjamine Guinness is giving another of the wonderful fêtes for which she is famous, this year. They are the best of their kind "done" in England. But of course Venice is the most perfect setting in the world for fêtes, carnival and pageantry and it is there that Baroness D'Erlanger, who has such marvellous taste, imagination as well as a *flair* for entertainment, is arranging a pageant ball this summer.

Push and go!

A moving incident at Roehampton. Colonel Ashton makes a sprint for home in the wheelbarrow race, with Lady Warrender in the rôle of passenger

So, needless to say, Venice and its glories past and prospective was the chief topic of conversation over the golden teacups in her drawing-room in Piccadilly—which is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Byron. There was nothing sepulchral about it the other day. The Prince and Princess Faucigny-Lucinge (Baba D'Erlanger) were there and their eight months' old baby girl was doing physical jerks on the hearthrug under the admiring eyes of her Parisian *Nounou*.

Every year more people—tired of the braceletted cocottes and gambling motor

(*Continued on page* 540)

Racegoers

Major and Mrs. Larnach-Nevill, at Lingfield. Major Larnach-Nevill is a kinsman of the Marquess of Abergavenny

Right: Watching athletics is not always an enlivening proceeding, but this cheerful group at Burton Court, Chelsea, evidently found the sports held by the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards much to their liking. With the three children are Lady Hall Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Bridge

Hal Linden

WE FOUR: LADY VIOLET BENSON AND HER SONS

Lady Violet Benson is the proud mother of five sons, the two elder, Lord Elcho and the Hon. Martin Charteris, by her first marriage with the late Captain Lord Elcho, and the three younger, who were photographed with her, by her second marriage with Mr. Guy Benson. The three charming young men who appear on this page are called Nicholas, Barnaby and Jeremy. Like her sisters, Lady Anglesey and Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Violet has a great sense of the artistic, and has made her house in Montagu Square most attractive

THE DOGGY WORLD

Kennels of the day: (19) Miss Denyer's Afghan Hounds at Courtney Lodge, Sutton Courtney, Berks

Telephone: Abingdon 84

By Mrs. Carlo F. C. Clarke

Fall

A four-in-hand. Miss Denyer with (left to right): Tulsi, Basmar, Taj Mahip and Sonee

THE Afghan Hound is increasing very rapidly in popularity in this country. Miss Denyer is, of course, well known as one of the pioneers of the breed here; she has always been keenly interested in these dogs, and has built up a really fine strain on scientific lines. She writes, "I only wish I had enough bitches to meet all demands, for we could do with more owners in this country. However, this will be remedied as time goes on, and we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the market is not overstocked." Since childhood Miss Denyer has been devoted to dogs, and it is of special interest to me as an old Bulldog breeder that her chief pal for many years has been a Bulldog rejoicing in the name of "Muggins." He is now six years old, and it does indeed speak volumes for his intelligence and general character that Miss Denyer still writes, "NEXT TO A BULLDOG I'd choose an Afghan as a pal." As she devotes far more time and personal attention to her kennels than do the majority of owners, her hounds being her constant companions, Miss Denyer's remarks on their characteristics and temperament are specially valuable. She finds Afghans very quick to understand, very anxious to please, ready to mould their lives to yours, whilst at the same time preserving their own individuality; each one differs in character and requires different treatment, although with all of them this should be gentle yet firm. They are acutely sensitive, easily punished, and untiring in their efforts at reconciliation, which makes them easy to train. They should be led, not driven, so that the best of their nature is drawn out, and it is most important to win their complete confidence; they are wary in placing this; but having won it the possibilities are endless, which makes them extremely interesting.

Fall

Bagheira of Kaf and Yusuf of Kaf aged seven months

Fall

Basmar of Kaf

Miss Denyer adds that the Bulldog mentioned above is the only "stranger" her Afghans will condescend to notice: they hold themselves aloof from other breeds; but among themselves there is amazing camaraderie, and a new face in the kennel is always heartily welcome. These dogs are undoubtedly of very ancient origin. Some writers hold that the Afghan is descended from the Seistan branch of the Persian Hound, and this idea is confirmed as Seistan borders on Afghanistan, and also the word "Tazi" is applied to them both in Afghanistan and Persia. They are also styled "Barakzai"—Kurram Valley and Kabuli Hounds, and are found all along the Borderland and also in Northern India.

We are indebted to Miss Denyer for the exceedingly interesting extracts, from books in the British and Natural History Museums, which we publish here:

(1) "The Afghan Hound or Barakhay probably represents the primitive ancestral type, from which modern Borzois, Deerhounds and Greyhounds are descended."

(2) "Several were brought to England after the Afghan War. Mr. Carter of Carshalton owned 'Rajahli'—often benched. Mr. Tufnell owned 'Motee.' Major Mackenzie says that these dogs in Afghanistan are courageous to a degree. The sporting dog of Afghanistan, sometimes called the Cabul dog, has been named the Barukhay Hound from being chiefly used by the sporting Sirdars of the Royal Barukhai family. It comes from Balkh, the North-West Province of Afghanistan, where it is believed that dogs of this variety entered the Ark with Noah. That it is an old variety (probably the oldest domesticated breed in

(*Continued on page* 540)

Taj Mahip of Kaf

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Positive Personal Paragraphs on Pleasantly Pertinent People

By Rudolph de Cordova

Malcolm Arbuthnot

Mrs. Forbes Sempill

AEROPLANING HOLIDAYS

IT was to prove that it is practically possible for the average man to buy a small aeroplane and use it as he would a car that Mrs. Forbes Sempill accompanied her husband, the Master of Sempill, on his recent holiday in the clouds. It was also to prove the safety of this mode of travel, for what man would voluntarily thrust his wife unnecessarily into danger, and what mother with three young children would jeopardise her own safety and their future by doing anything foolhardy. Mrs. Forbes Sempill's experience is that for women the 'plane is far more convenient and comfortable than any other mode of travel. There is no timetable or ticket to worry about as with a train; no dust as with a car, while the purring of the engine is soothing rather than disturbing; the cloudland scenery is magnificent and the exhilaration of the altitude delightful. Used to travelling light in the East, Mrs. Forbes Sempill carried all she needed in an attaché case, leaving room in the cockpit for a tin of petrol and a can of oil.

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Mullens

AN AMATEUR OF SPORT

SINCE her elder daughter has gone on the stage and acts as Miss Dolores Ashley and her younger daughter, the Princess George Imeritinsky, is now a hostess on her own account, Lady Mullens is not entertaining so largely as usual this season. London engrosses her as it does everyone, but her heart is probably in the Highlands, for she is devoted to fishing, and has caught many fine salmon, while on Loch Sunart, in Argyllshire, she has also shot a royal stag weighing 21½ stone. Although there is no opportunity of cultivating her horticultural tastes in London, gardening remains, perhaps, her chief delight as it was when she lived at Long Cross, where the feature of her grounds was a Japanese garden tended by a Japanese gardener. Lady Mullens collects jade and crystal curios, a statement which will doubtless deluge her with letters from people anxious to convert such possessions into coin of the realm to satisfy the pressing demands of the income tax collector and others!

SEA NOVELIST

DERIVING in no way from Conrad, who admired greatly her "pastiche," "The White Riband," which he called "a clear sapphire," Miss F. Tennyson Jesse has just published "Tom Fool," a remarkable novel of the sea with which she has an intimate acquaintance. Once recuperating from an airplane accident in the West Indies, she hired a small sloop with a negro captain to go from St. Vincent to St. Lucia. She did not know that the passage was usually so rough that these boats are called "Maman prend deuil," because the mothers of the crews always put on mourning when their sons go to sea in them. There being no accommodation below, Miss Jesse bought a mattress to sleep on deck as they left at night. The weather was atrocious; the boat shipped green water all the time and Miss Jesse was soaked to the skin. In the morning, the wind fell; the sloop was becalmed and Miss Jesse lay for six hours in the tropical sun with nothing to eat and only a cup of tea made over a little charcoal fire for refreshment. Then the wind happily got up and she reached her destination.

Bertram Park

Miss F. Tennyson Jesse

Hay Wrightson

Madame Kallas

FOR ESTONIA

NOT merely as the wife of the Minister of Estonia does Mme. Kallas hold her position in the social world of London. She is a writer of such distinction that, in his foreword to "The White Ship," a volume of Mme. Kallas's selected short stories, Mr. John Galsworthy wrote: "Judged by at least half of these stories, she is one of the strongest and most individual of living writers . . . her method is singularly simple, clean and direct; her sense of atmosphere remarkable." Such a tribute has not been won without hard work. Indeed, it may be said of Mme. Kallas that from the time she was a young girl in Finland, where she was born, there has been "no day without its line." This has resulted in the publication of fifteen books, including three novels, five volumes of short stories and many essays, besides a long biography of the Estonian poetess, Koidula, and a good deal of poetry. Although she has only one language of inspiration, for she still thinks only in her native Finnish, Mme. Kallas also speaks Estonian, Swedish, German, French and English—the last acquired during her four years' residence in London.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

WITH the inspiring slogan "Healthier Babies," a new, more complete and social type of Welfare Centre has recently been inaugurated in Peckham. Owing much of its inception to her young daughter, Mrs. Gerald Schlesinger, Mrs. Henry Van Den Bergh is lending her magnificent house in Kensington Palace Gardens for a *Bal Champetre* and Supper Cabaret, to be held on June 24, in aid of its funds. In addition, she is placing her great talent for organisation at the disposal of the Committee which contains the names of a large number of ladies well known in the social world. It was as a sensitively beautiful young bride that Mrs. Van Den Bergh first came from Holland to London. In these difficult days of getting and keeping maids, she is the wonder of her friends. Some of her maids have been with her for twenty-five years; others for twenty and eighteen, while five and six years are very ordinary terms of service with her. Rumour has it that Mrs. Van Den Bergh gives her maids a bonus for each year's service. This is erroneous. Her secret is founded on the fact that kind words are more than money.

Mrs. Henry Van Den Bergh

A GIRL GUIDE COMMISSIONER

HER eldest daughter desiring to be a Girl Guide, the Hon. Lady Lawson-Johnston became so interested in the movement that she became the County Commissioner for Bedfordshire, where she has her country seat. A woman of varied talents, Lady Lawson-Johnston has marked musical gifts, and her embroidery, which shares her passion with her piano, is of the most exquisite quality. From the time she was a young wife she has been going all over the world with her husband, and has accompanied him to the Argentine and back over a dozen times. Travelling in South Africa shortly after the Boer War, when conditions were rough and their commissariat, organised by a mining engineer, consisted largely of tinned food, Sir George and Lady Lawson-Johnston arrived one day at a half-ruined Boer house, where chickens formed part of the scenery. When, next morning, poached eggs appeared at breakfast, Lady Lawson-Johnston smiled at the sight of what she optimistically imagined were fresh eggs. Those eggs had been laid by a tin can! The chickens must have been camouflage!

Blake Studios

The Hon. Lady Lawson-Johnston

Hal Linden

THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON IN AN UNUSUAL POSE

It is difficult enough to be unusual these days, when coiffures and Fashion's confections have almost a standard cut, but there is certainly something different about this new photograph of Mrs. Lionel Tennyson. The original, delightfully pretty and very much in request at all the smartest parties, looks particularly well on a horse, and hunts regularly with the Melton packs. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson has three little boys

"Oh! Mister Porter, whatever shall I do? I w

Fourth instalment of ROSE MACAULAY'S *new Novel*

"CREWE TRAIN"

Illustrated by Keith Bryant

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED TO—

DENHAM, who owes her strange name to her dead mother's favourite village in Buckinghamshire, at twenty-one is a long limbed, loosely built young woman, with a sunburnt skin and small brown eyes under sulky black brows, who has been brought up by her father

MR. DOBIE, a clergyman, who, having just enough money to live penuriously without industry, settled in Andorra. Here he contracted a second marriage with the handsome daughter of a local smuggler, who destroyed his peace and gave him four hybrid children.

DENHAM'S AUNT EVELYN, her mother's sister, and her three children,

AUDREY, NOEL and GUY, visit the Dobie family in their mountain fastness. Mr. Dobie had a stroke and died. On receiving the news Aunt Evelyn decided that it was her duty to adopt her sister Sylvia's girl.

Denham was sullen; she did not want to go with these people, but she was dazed, dazzled, helpless, and she knew that she certainly would go.

HUMPHREY, another of Denham's cousins, started for England in the motor diligence with the rest of the party, but at the frontier made an excuse to return to Andorra because he was infatuated with Paquita Jaime, a handsome Andorran peasant.

PETER GRESHAM, Denham's uncle by marriage, was a bland, shrewd little publisher. His town house was a centre of social life and entertainment. Nothing Denham had ever seen before was in the least like London. She presumed that Londoners were mostly mad.

Her aunt bought Denham clothes and had her shingled. People called her a fine looking young woman, but she lacked standards, could not understand the necessity of conforming to a ritual. She asked "Why?" about everything.

Humphrey came home sick of love and disillusioned; he returned to his bachelor chambers in Shepherd's Market and resumed his writing of belles lettres.

Finding him with the family when she returned grimy from the Zoo, Denham asked outright what they were all wondering:

"Did you bring Paquita to London?" and then realised she had offended Humphrey and shocked the family.

"'Doesn't he know it's a failure then?' asked Denham, clearly, just above the author's head"

CHAPTER II

GOING TO THE PLAY

2

Arnold Chapel, who faced Denham across the table, was a tall, dark young man, with eye-glasses and a nice smile. He was a junior partner in the Gresham publishing house, and, though not in the Foreign Office, a Roman Catholic. Denham was not surprised to see so many of these about, for there were, of course, more in Andorra.

Mr. Chapel was a lively and pleasant talker and had, Denham observed, no doubt about his knives or forks or anything. She was still looking in vain for someone who, like herself, seemed unsound on those small points which mark the lady or the gentleman. Mr. Chapel also suffered, obviously, from this curious desire which people had to eat meals in houses other than their own.

"Don't see what they *get* out of it," Denham pondered. "Unless it's more food. And this one looks as if he could afford plenty at home. Anyhow, it can't be that, because Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Peter and the rest are always eating at other people's houses, and they get lots at home. And the servants do the washing-up, so it can't be that either. Must be something else about it." She was up, as usual, against this mysterious secret that other people had. She wished she had it too, since it was obviously part of the good life. These people were, no doubt, right. They were strange, but attractive. Their minds moved along

Birmingham, but they've sent me on to Crewe."

paths she knew not, their hearts were set on objects that she too must learn to desire.

Chatter, chatter, chatter—how they talked! The Greshams and their friends assembled together had no flashes of silence. Just as well, thought Denham, that she didn't talk, too; she didn't see how she could have got in, anyhow. They could scarcely all get in themselves. At one end of the table was Peter, pouring out story after story, with eyes that twinkled through beaming glasses. Peter didn't keep his good stories for company; he poured them onto his family too. At the other end was Evelyn talking without a pause, with her wide, bright, childish stare that perceived so much more than anyone would have thought. Down the sides were Catherine, whose clear, resonant voice and laugh sounded above all the others; Guy, making gentler sounds, but the most fluent of them all, and really the most amusing; Audrey, making intelligent remarks in her fresh girl's tone; Arnold Chapel, being pleasantly absurd in his soft, literary Cambridge voice. The two quiet ones, Humphrey and Noel, were not there; Noel was on a reading-party and Humphrey dining with a man.

Arnold Chapel was sparring with Catherine about something. Behind the friendly argument was something real—a slight but defined distaste on both sides. Catherine could not really take seriously anyone who was so superstitious as to have become a Roman Catholic. Of course, if they were in the Foreign Office, like Guy, it was different; that might be just a following of fashion, or a step towards promotion. Guy one might condemn as frivolous, or cynical, or insincere but not as weak in the head. But Arnold, who was only publishing, must be somewhat superstitious, very religious—it was the same thing. Unless he had sacrificed his intelligence merely to be able to say to people, "You see, I'm a papist . . ." In either case, one did not think of him as an intellectual equal. Catherine did not even try to do so. Arnold perceived that she did not, and resented it. He thought her conceited and bigoted, with her political preoccupations and her anti-religious bias—quite different from his friend Audrey, who, though not bitten by religion herself, tolerated it in others.

Peter, a kind man, cut across the conversation to ask Denham what she had seen at the Zoo. She began telling him, animal by animal. Arnold broke in. Had she seen the aquarium?

No, Denham had not seen the aquarium yet. They were all off then about fishes, and about a new bear there was. It seemed that they only cared much for the new animals. Denham did not even know which the new animals were; they were all new to her. So the talk slipped away over her head again. Guy left off exchanging funny and scandalous stories with Catherine about members of parliament, and told funny and scandalous stories about the Zoo. Even fishes, it seemed, led, when in London, those odd, amusing lives that were common to all Guy's acquaintances. Indeed, the whole world, when Guy surveyed it, assumed the air of an agreeable and diverting Zoo.

Arnold Chapel thought, "A queer, silent girl. Picturesque, though. And what a splendid head. She can't be stupid, with that head." For, though twenty-eight, he was still young enough to judge by appearances.

Polish dancers or the Sunday play. No one could blame her for sitting silent. It was so much less trouble. . . .

Nor could anyone blame Catherine for thinking her cousin the stupidest girl she had ever seen. Not only did she know nothing to start with, but she seemed to have no faculty for picking anything up. Ordinary social education was wasted on her. She had much better, thought Catherine, go to her father's relations in Devonshire.

3

They all except Catherine went on to a theatre. It was the first night of a play by someone they knew. Their box was opposite that of the embarrassed author, who veiled himself and his voluminous correspondence behind a curtain. It was a small theatre, and the Greshams appeared to know everyone in it.

"I can't see how it matters who's here," Denham thought. (Many of her reflections at this time took the form of puzzled statements as to what she failed to see.) "The play's what matters. I wonder why they care who else is seeing it."

"There's Angela and Cyril," said Audrey, waving a hand to the stalls. "And Andrew Blair. A pity the *Beacon* sent him instead of Tony; it won't be his kind of play at all."

"Angela looks terribly plain," said Evelyn, after inspecting her through opera-glasses. "What's she done to her hair? And she's got two spots on her chin. She looks terribly plain; really she does."

"She does, sometimes," said Audrey. "She looked lovely in Court at her decree nisi on Wednesday. You never know, with Angela. Would you call her pretty, Denham?"

"Which?"

"Third from the end of the fourth row, in a blue cloak, with light hair. She's funny; she's so changeable. She's not a bit pretty to-night, somehow."

Since that was settled, Denham did not feel called upon to pronounce an opinion. Evelyn and Audrey, she knew, felt a queer interest in whether people were pretty or not, and how, and why, and when.

Guy was telling a story about Mr. Hamar Greenwood and family prayers; Catherine about Mr. David Kirkwood in the House; Evelyn was talking of Polish dancers, and Peter of someone's Sunday play. Denham had never heard of Messrs. Hamar Greenwood and David Kirkwood, never seen the

The curtain rose, and the female Greshams laid aside their femininities and became intelligent. They were, and so were the gentlemen, a good deal more intelligent than the play. If they had written the play, it would have been much better; that was obvious. As it was, it was not very good. It was, however, well received. At the end of the first act there was a great clapping and many ejaculations of applause.

"I'm afraid it's a failure," said Audrey.

"People seem to like it all right," said Denham.

"Oh, that's nothing. They're mostly his friends and the critics. They always make a noise. He's a critic himself, you know. I must say, it's not much good."

"Denham, who had a corner of a sofa, went to sleep"

"I give it a fortnight," said Peter, a practised judge.

"I wouldn't give it a week if I were the manager," said Guy. "Poor Leonard, he ought never to have tried."

"What do you think of it, Miss Dobie?" Arnold Chapel asked.

"Rotten," said Denham, concisely, for once agreeing with the rest; and Arnold thought her a girl of sound judgment.

"They're all going out to have drinks and agree what to say about it," said Audrey, of the critics. "Leonard's fate will be settled by the time the curtain goes up. He's gone behind, poor Leonard."

Peter, Guy and Arnold went down to drink with the critics, and people came in and out of the box, including that Angela who was not pretty to-night but had looked lovely at her decree nisi on Wednesday. They all said they were afraid it was no good. The gentlemen came back, reporting the play damned in the bar.

"Jimmie Barton's not coming in again; he says he can't stick it," said Arnold.

"Jimmie scarcely ever can stick more than the first act," said Audrey. "He oughtn't to be a critic at all if he dislikes all plays so much. It's not fair."

"Well, he's afraid of being sick. As he's got a middle seat, that wouldn't do. He says he can imagine the rest, and write a less unkind notice than if he'd seen it."

"The question is, how unkind any of them will dare to be," Guy said. "They talk like this in their cups, but their words in the morning press will be smoother than butter and sweeter than honey. Snobbisme and terror will save the unhappy Leonard from execution."

"After all," said Evelyn, kindly, "he's done his best. Yes. I'm sure he's done his best."

"That's what *I'm* afraid of, too. Poor old man. Critics oughtn't to write plays. However, of course they always will."

"Of course, it may be a fearfully strong second act," said Audrey, hopefully, as the curtain rose.

"The third act may still pull it up," she said, as the curtain fell on a cordially-clapping house.

At the end the author was called by his enthusiastic friends and made a little speech, thanking the audience for their appreciative reception.

"Doesn't he know it's a failure, then?" asked Denham, clearly, just above the author's head. His face flickered for a moment.

"Sh!" Audrey nudged Denham, and Arnold suppressed a giggle.

Guy whispered, "He is buoyed up with liquor and inflated with the plaudits of his friends. And now you've spoilt his one happy night, poor devil."

4

It seemed that the theatre was near the rooms of Mr. Chapel, so he asked the party in to have drinks and sandwiches with him. Invitations to visit, on any pretext, the rooms of others were seldom refused by the Greshams; it was obviously an important part of the higher life to end the day in some such social fashion, so to Mr. Chapel's rooms they all adjourned, and sat there, refreshed by conversation, food and drink, until one o'clock. Denham, who had a corner of a sofa, went to sleep, and had to be wakened up when the Greshams decided, for some reason, that it was time to go home.

"It seems absurd," declared Evelyn. "I could sit up till morning, talking. Till breakfast-time, you know. I never feel tired in the night. In the day I do, but not in the night. Except in bed. Bed's terribly exhausting. I wake feeling a rag if I've been in bed too long. So does Peter, don't you, darling? But I can dance or talk all night. Why, that child's gone to sleep. Wake her up, Audrey. Fancy going to sleep, with all the noise we were making. I hope she's not caught anything. Good-night, Arnold; I'm sorry we have to go so early, but Peter has to catch an early train to Oxford. He's got some quarrel with the Clarendon Press, or something silly."

They streamed, like a merry and bickering brook, into the summer night, and into their car, which Audrey drove home, while Guy walked off to his rooms in Bruton Street.

Audrey said, "How absurd to go home a night like this. Let's go a spin to Richmond, instead."

"No, darling." Evelyn was firm. "You've had enough for to-night. You'll come in and go to bed. Denham's asleep already."

But Denham was no longer asleep. A spin to Richmond she thought a good idea, not like sitting about and talking. She would have liked a spin to Richmond.

"Let's go," she said.

But Evelyn refused. "I can't have you looking like a ghost to-morrow at the Selwyns' dance, Audrey. You must get some sleep before you go to the office. Really, darling, I mean it."

Denham wished they had gone to Richmond straight after the play. This family was apt to spend the night doing the wrong things. Then, when, as now, one of the right things came into their heads, there wasn't time to do it. On the whole, Denham considered, they led mis-spent lives. That was to say, by her natural standards. Of course, by the standards she had now set before her, their lives were all but perfect.

As they went in, Evelyn said, "We might ask Arnold to come down to World's End with us some week-end soon. And another thing—we must really decide on the date for our party. We've put if off too long already, waiting for those Llamas. Let's sit down here for a bit before we go up; then we can talk about it. . . . I do think Angela was looking plain to-night. I expect it was partly that divorce business; it's always such an upset. And partly, you know, that cloak she had was the wrong blue. Wrong for her skin, do you see; it brought out the blemishes."

Denham, since she might not go to Richmond, went to bed, leaving the Greshams thus discussing the date of their party.

CHAPTER III

Giving a Party

1

"WHAT kind of party?" Denham asked Audrey.

"Oh, the usual kind. Just standing about and talking."

"Oh," Denham had been to some of these, and did not care for them. She pondered for a minute.

"Why do people like them?" she enquired, anxious to learn, and to conduct herself well at the party.

"Oh, well, they're just a way of meeting people," Audrey explained.

A way of meeting people. Of course that was what it was. Like so many other occupations. It is so difficult to meet people in this life that one must contrive all kinds of ways of doing so.

"And you wear your nicest clothes, and see other people's and all that."

Denham took this in. She was trying to be intelligent about clothes.

"How jolly," she commented, soberly.

"One always," Audrey went on, "feels more alive in the evenings. Don't you think so? It's the time for doing things."

"Perhaps," said Denham, and wondered, then why not do them? Why not go out somewhere, have a picnic or an adventure, instead of standing about and talking? She suppressed this thought, knowing it to be second-rate, and asked, "What shall you wear?"

Audrey, pleased that Denham was coming on, said, "My pale green, I think," and added other details interesting to young females. Then she discussed Denham's costume. Denham followed panting after her. It was fine to be talked to like an equal about abstruse matters such as these. In Andorra she had refused to join in conversations about what to put on, regarding them as dull, but with the Greshams it was different; the Greshams threw a glamour even over clothes. They talked about whether Guy looked well in a frilled shirt, and whether Humphrey could be made to get his hair cut. Encouraged by all this, Audrey mentioned a new novel which Greshams had just published, and which, it seemed (fond delusion of publishers!) "everyone" was talking about. But here Denham got left. Novels were still above her. Clothes you can speak of a little, whether you understand them or not, but unless you are more adept than Denham in the social arts, you must have read a page or two of the book mentioned, or have read or written a review of it, or at least have heard others discussing it, before you can acquit yourself creditably on the subject. Her crude "I've not read it" led nowhere.

"Oh, but you must," Audrey said, "It's really good. Frightfully clever and alive. I thought I'd given it you to read last week."

"Yes; but I've not had time yet. . . . I began it."

"Well, didn't you think the beginning was very funny?"

"Yes," said Denham, heavily. Audrey gave it up. Denham was coming on, but she hadn't much humour, and didn't care for novels. Audrey went off to the office.

Denham went out too. She took a 'bus to Trafalgar Square, and stood outside Foster and Groome's shop in Whitehall, looking at the maps in the window. They gave her a pleasant feeling of ease; you could relax over maps; you didn't have to live up to them, as you did to novels, clothes, and people. With maps you could be merely yourself; a low self, but your own. It was not really right or wise to look at maps too long; to do so was to be like a drunkard who hangs continually about a public-house.

2

The Greshams' party was, after all, not quite like other parties, for they had Llamas at it, fresh from Thibet. The Llamas sat in an alcove in the drawing-room, with incense burning before them, and every guest presented the Grand Llama with a little gift as he was introduced. It was a really good idea, and made the party quite distinctive, and everyone enjoyed it very much. It had been Guy's idea; Guy knew everybody, even Llamas, and, being in the Foreign Office, knew how to establish relations with them.

"Rather wonderful, aren't they?" said Arnold Chapel to Denham, who stood looking big and brown and rather fine in a gold tunic.

Denham turned over the adjective, in her literal way.

"I don't know. . . . I suppose they're quite ordinary where they belong. Just clergymen, aren't they?"

"Yes, that's all, I suppose. But they're striking in a London drawing-room, you'll admit. Or don't you admit that any human beings are striking? You have the air, do you know, of being sublimely indifferent to the whole human race."

"Have I?" Denham wished people wouldn't make personal remarks, but would mind their own business. Still, she knew she must talk to the people who talked to her; this is done, at parties, and Aunt Evelyn was quite close, looking towards her. She pulled herself together and said that probably there was a fog to-night.

"A fog? No; why?"

"Well, there often is. Then it's a clear night." That did as well.

"A perfectly clear night. . . . Will you eat or drink?"

"Yes. Both."

They made their way to the refreshment table, and ate and drank.

"I am to have the pleasure of spending this week-end with you, I believe. Mrs. Gresham has asked me down to World's End. Do you know it yet?"

"No. Is it nice?"

"Delightful. The house is in a pine-wood on a hill, looking over the weald. Are you fond of the country? I should imagine you were."

"It was certainly one up to Denham the way Arnold Chapel stayed at her side"

"Well, I don't know much of it, except in Andorra. I like it better than towns. There's more room and fewer people, and more things one wants to do."

"You don't much care for London, I expect?"

"Oh, yes." Denham recollected herself. "London's very nice. All the plays, and concerts, and ships, and picture-shows, and parties, and people."

The young man looked at her with some interest. She was a strange girl, he thought, and hard to understand. She talked oddly. But he was attracted by her brown, brooding face.

(*Continued on page* 538)

PLISSÉ GOES WHERE IT PLEASES

Soulié discovers plissé, plissé everywhere, but never a pleat too much. The lady on the left wears a Scotch plaid dress and coat of which the entertaining colouring is beige and brick, and, with a gesture of defiance to the highlander has her kilting just where he never thought of wearing it. In the centre a navy blue crêpe de chine dress with a cape effect allows the pleating to share honours with unexpected pearl plastrons. While a gay little frock of Venetian red and white printed crêpe is distinguished by a plissé "pinny" of red mousseline and an amusing kerchief to match

Harris and Ellis

Edmund X. Kapp

The celebrated caricaturist, with his little daughter, Mary Joanna Gordon Kapp, the goddaughter of Gordon Craig, sitting on his knee. Mr. Kapp and his wife, Miss Yvonne Cloud, have just finished a book of studies of musical celebrities, called "Pastiche," which will be published by Faber and Gwyer this month. Mr. Kapp, who was educated at Berlin and Paris Universities, and at Cambridge, ran the Neutral Press for the Intelligence Department during the war. He is now painting in Spain

"TALKING ABOUT BOOKS..."

A Critical Causerie of Good Reading

By Richard King

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

"The Black Candle," by Judge Emily Murphy (Hurst and Blackett), 12s. 6d.
"Antony in Love," by Charles E. Rose (Duckworth), 7s. 6d.
"On England, and Other Addresses," by the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin (Philip Allen), 12s. 6d.

I WONDER why it is that almost every bad thing has to become an actual menace before the majority of people do anything more about it than is required to cry "Pooh!"—and let it go at that. Even our own temptations are allowed to become vicious habits before they trouble our consciences beyond an occasional utterance, such as "Dear, dear! Sometime or other I really must turn over a new leaf!" It is all very well to cry: It's silly to meet troubles half way. But when the trouble has gone the whole course, it means a real and prolonged battle to push it back again. And when at last and at length it is pushed back, it always leaves everything in a horrid mess extremely difficult to make neat and tidy again. And thus it is with the comparatively modern vice of drug-taking. One or two pretty young girls found dead from an overdose of cocaine, or opium, or whatever it may happen to be, and for roughly five minutes the newspaper readers are very definitely shocked. After that they forget. As for the horrid warning that the death of these young girls is but the outcome of thousands of people, who also are addicts to the vice of drug-taking, it is quite quickly dismissed as being too uncomfortable to think about. The respectable return to their firesides, comforting themselves by the thought that these girls were girls of no moral reputation, and so, in a roundabout way, their deaths had some connection between justice and punishment—you know how these things come about! If only the Duchess of Backwater were discovered dead in her bed from the selfsame cause, then perhaps something very serious would be done about it. But an "actress" or a dancing girl... I ask you? Nevertheless, the most uncomfortable feature of Judge Emily Murphy's grimly interesting book, "The Black Candle," is that she proves conclusively how the vice of "dope" is growing to an alarming extent among people of all grades of society, and especially among the very young. As Police Magistrate and Judge of the Juvenile Court in Edmonton, Canada, she has had ample opportunity to study first hand the terrible increase of this most dangerous among the vices. For example, in the report given of the New York State Clinic, among the three thousand persons treated, 908 were between 15 and 19 years of age; 927 between 20 and 25, and only 133 of 41 years and over. In fact, all over the American continent, in England and in Europe, the growth of drug-taking has already reached the stage where an evil is an actual menace, not something to be ignored as belonging merely to the vicious minority. Moreover, the international fight, which one day the White Races will have to wage against the habit of taking opium, cocaine and their derivative drugs, will be a far more difficult one than most people can possibly imagine. Already, so Judge Murphy states in her book, there is an international ring at work, whose wealth and power and influence, although hidden, is increasing in all directions, and in a way which already makes it one of the biggest menaces of modern times. The profit on a dollar's worth of cocaine is over 240 per cent. and where such profits are concerned the difficulty

WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE NEW BOOKS

"The last luxury of even the privileged will be the luxury of solitude. When all the solitude is 'sold' where shall men go to re-create themselves?"

"Marriage should be two things—a material gain and an adventure."

"We have no key to the miracle wrought on the ordinary mind by some one manifestation out of all the million familiar to the common earth. We can only admit that this one and not another is vested with the power."—From "The Secret That Was Kept," by Elizabeth Robins (Hutchinson), 7s. 6d.

"The lure of vice? Why, it isn't vice that allures! It is the mystery we make of it that does the mischief."

"Common sense is to seize the inevitable and make use of it."—From "The Black Candle," by Judge Emily Murphy (Hurst and Blackett), 12s. 6d.

The author of "Lolly Willowes"

From the watercolour drawing by Frank Dobson, Sylvia Townshend Warner has a good knowledge of witchcraft of which she made use in "Lolly Willowes" (Chatto and Windus) and is an authority on Tudor Church music

of suppressing its sale can quite easily become impossible, unless immediate steps are taken—preferably through the League of Nations. This is how the agents go to work: "The first samples are distributed to children free. The sample creates a demand and the children come again. It is refused unless they bind themselves to absolute secrecy. A few doses and the habit has grown. The children must have their dope. All moral sense is lost and in a few months our boys and girls are ruined." The same procedure is carried on in regard to older people. After a few doses, the victim is absolutely in the power of those who can supply them with the drug. Moreover, it is a strange fact that a "doper" can never "dope" alone. It is part, so it would seem, of the mental derangement which ensues, that he must proselytise whomsoever be weak enough to fall. Nor is it weakness entirely. Curiosity, that most deadly among the temptations, is the first step. Having come through the first step without apparent harm, the second step appears without danger. After a few doses, alas! there is no help for the victim except in the hospital or the asylum. Especially, the whole rush and turmoil and competition of modern life paves the way for those who would seek the exhilaration of drugs; the short-cut they offer towards temporarily getting away from reality, even at tragic cost. Prostitutes, children, all the down-and-outs easily become "pedlers" for the secret sale of "snow." Moreover, although the outward signs of the "doper" are manifest enough, very few, even those who are the greatest addicts, so Judge Murphy tells us, will own to being victims. There is no bigger liar than the habitual drug-taker. All sense of truth, all sense of personal dignity and self-respect, vanish. Quickly the mind becomes warped, the physical health ruined, and this to such a degree that criminal tendences follow and death comes early as a blessed relief. It is a terrible story she tells us of the increase of drug-taking all over the world, as she has studied the subject or had it brought before her in her capacity as magistrate. It has been suggested, so she tells us, that deliberately the vice is being fostered by the Negro races and the Chinese as a kind of hidden warfare against the White, and that an enormous amount of money is available to obtain this object. In fact, never have I read a more interesting book on a subject which is too little written about, but which requires universal attention far more than Prohibition, for or against, as well as most of the other evils of modern life which are much less really dangerous. That it is painful to read is only to be expected. Every menace is painful when you face it for the first time. But in "dope" you have a secret plague which yearly is ruining the lives of thousands of men and women, especially the young. Unless it is stamped out at all cost, it will likely become the biggest human problem of all.

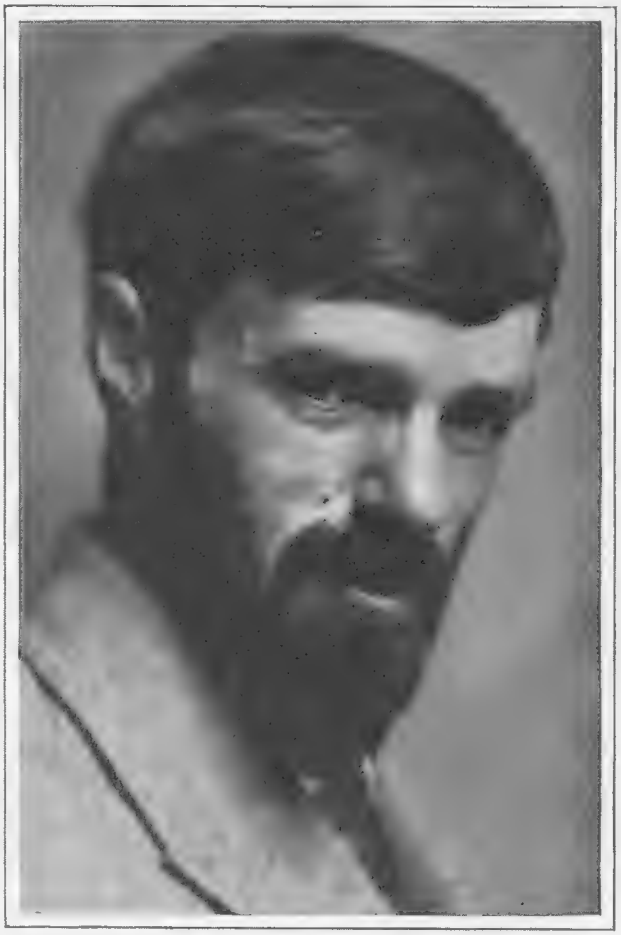
A STORY THAT ALMOST READS ITSELF

All the same, deeply interesting as "The Black Candle" was to read, I found it rather a mental relief to pick up "Antony In Love" immediately afterwards. It was like a breath of fresh air after being shut up in a room filled with the fumes of opium and all that the smell implies. The story takes us into the nicest, cleanest, most delightful kind of world. True, the heroine's old father was a regular old reprobate. Always he drinks, and once he robbed the till of the tobacconist shop where his daughter was employed, thus casting suspicion on the poor girl. Nevertheless, he gets his deserts, as we knew he would; and, in any case, drink is a comparative virtue side by side with "drugs." Moreover, there is a certain entertaining side to the old man's villainy, which is more picturesque than depressing. Elsewhere the story is the tale of a young man who falls in love with a charming girl, where he buys his cigarettes, and though he doesn't marry her eventually—being young enough to feel quite shocked at himself for loving again after his first love weakened—his dear, middle-aged uncle, with whom he lives . . . well, you must read this most delightfully written novel to discover what *he* does! There aren't many characters in the story, and all of them, even the old reprobate, are attractive. It's a nice story in the nicest possible sense. Light it is, but not frothy. Moreover, without being a deliberately humorous tale, you find yourself smiling happily all the time you are reading it. Each one of the characters you would like to know personally, and knowing, like to meet again. Even the old manservant, who plays quite a shadowy part, is a "dear." In fact, the whole story is the kind of story which places you on the best of all possible terms with yourself and with the world in general. And, heaven knows, that kind of tale is always badly needed! To-day, especially.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

"Fairy Gold," by Compton Mackenzie (Cassell), 7s. 6d.

This is the most delightful story which Compton Mackenzie has given us for some time. It is a War-time romance; though far more "romantic" than warlike. Indeed, the nearest approach we get to real warfare is in the inimitable character-study of Colonel Manton, an elderly military dug-out who blazes away in martial ardour from a safe and obscure corner of the home-front. Romance is far more prominent. It concerns the love-affair of Vivien, whose father has owned a certain island off the Cornish coast all his life and his ancestors before him, and Lieutenant Deverell, the unfortunate young officer who was placed in military command of the island for a time. Unfortunate, that is, because Sir Morgan Romare, Vivien's father, was so infuriated at having a military garrison there, however small, that any member of it might be counted out from the very beginning so far as either of his two daughters was concerned in terms of matrimony. However, everything comes out all right at the end. Which is as it should be. Read "Fair Gold" if you want a very charming love-story, or if you wish to be amused by three characters, that of Colonel Manton; Captain Bickerstaff, also another "war-horse," all "prance" and no "jump," and Sir Caleb Fuller, a war profiteer: each one a perfect portrait of types we all met between 1914 and 1918, and, alas, still do



Muray Studios

D. H. Lawrence

Banned, bearded, brilliant, Mr. D. H. Lawrence continues to ignore superficialities and employs his particular, febrile, graphic style for the exploration of subterranean emotions for places, and the curious but living people of his creation. He has a place alone in English letters. His art is lonely for he derives from no one and is inimitable. The intriguing title of his latest book is "Women in Love"

MR. BALDWIN ON ENGLAND

The General Strike is now, thank Heaven! a tragic memory of the past. And the one pertinent question: What the least good it did to anybody? will, I suppose, never be answered; at least, in any satisfactory manner. But two things, however, it did prove conclusively. One is, how thankful we all ought to be that Mr. Baldwin was our Prime Minister at the time; the other, that the pessimistic croaking, all about the degeneracy and selfishness of Modern Youth, was simply "croaking"—about as full of truth and wisdom as that of frogs! For, if no other good has come of it, the Conservative Government and Modern Youth, at any rate, have come out of the conflict with flying colours. For what we should have done without the one in supreme command and the other—on the trains, omnibuses, or wherever they they were most needed—does not bear to be thought of with any degree of comfort. At any rate, the publication of Mr. Baldwin's splendid book "On England, and Other Addresses," was most opportune—coming as it did just before the General Strike, and reiterating, as it does, the ideal, almost the religion, which is "England." The addresses themselves are written in that simple, straightforward manner which is far more lastingly effective than the finest rhetoric—that "harlot of the arts," as Froude called it. Moreover, the opinions, the thoughts,

(*Continued on page* 546)

Yevonde

LADY HELEN MURRAY

The youngest of the four daughters of the 1st *Lord Brassey married in* 1916. *Her husband, Lieut.-Col. John Murray, who is a partner in the well-known publishing firm of John Murray which was founded in* 1768, *commanded the* 12th *battalion of the Royal Scots during the European War, and was awarded the D.S.O. with Bar, and the Belgian Croix de Guerre. Lady Helen Murray is a great personality in society and has hosts of friends*

MARGARET I
RAISES FASHIO
LINE INSPIRA
HEIGHTS OF

The "smoking" and
might, if one had not s
wearing them, be du
when one of our better
decoratively they can b
uses, they may be said
degree in the Univers
is worthy of notice t
Bannerman, who ha
dressed heads in Lo

Photographs by D

NNERMAN OF MASCU- N TO THE EMININITY

coat for women iss Bannerman masculine, but vs us just how ted to feminine ave taken their f Fashion. It Miss Margaret e of the best is unshingled

ilding

A MODERN ÆSTHETE

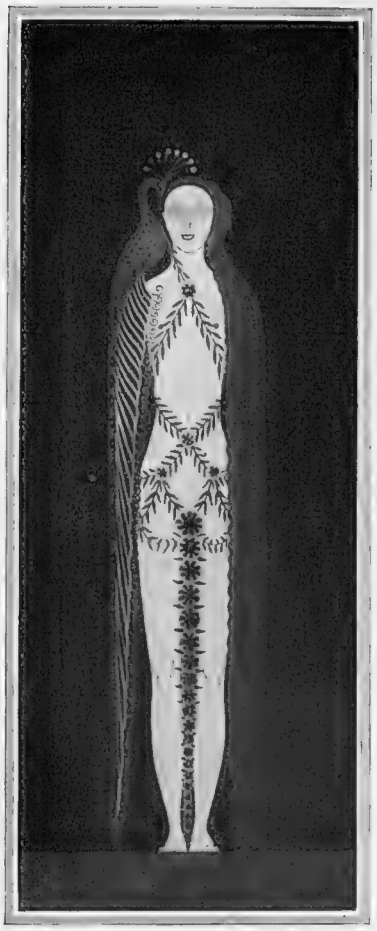
Erté uses symmetry almost geometrical in his intensely imaginative designs

A day in the life of an artist: "La Nuit, Le Jour, Le Matin et Le Soir," as Erté conceives and portrays them

In this delicate yet definite drawing, "Reverie," Erté lets butterflies, like illusive thoughts, escape towards billowy clouds

"L'Or de Golconde" in which humanity and femininity are subjugated to Erté's feeling for symmetrical design

Taking his own initials as a pseudonym, M. Romain de Tirtoff becomes Erté, the well-known decorative artist. He has been described as "a Slav with nonchalant gestures" but in his harmonious studio in Paris where black, white and grey are skilfully blended, he works as hard as an American business man, designing theatrical decorations for the Folies Bergères and several New York theatres; fashions, jewels, illustrations.



There is a strange harmony and symbolic significance in this design called "La Melodie"

Truant, ribald angels and carnival figures are suggestive accessories in this original interpretation of old Italy entitled "Venise"

MATTERS MATERIAL TO THE MODE

A return to the 18th century line is hinted at by the position of the flares on some of the newest Paris models

By Meander in Paris

Printed chiffons still surrender themselves to the caprices of fashion. Philippe and Gaston utilise a pink and white design for a frock with a tight underskirt and little buttons all down the back

The same house answers a question about the tailleur in suave terms of green cloth piped with a lighter green, and grants freedom for walking by means of flat, wide pleats in the skirt

Another Philippe and Gaston afternoon frock is of red crêpe de chine that has a design which imitates white lace embroidered on its hem and the generous fullness of its long sleeves

NOW that London is again approaching the normal, we in Paris are missing the wonderful staff of competent people who came over to bring out emergency numbers of the paper. It was a really thrilling thing to see how, with every sort of inconvenience, the London staff took up the reins in Paris and brought out our incomparable "EVE." We shall not forget it and when things go wrong with us we shall remember and go and do likewise I hope. Well, now that little serious tribute is paid to these wonderful people with whom I have the privilege to work, let me be as frivolous as the times allow.

It is still cold as I write, but gleans of sun in the grey sky give us hope that before long this disappointing spring will make way for a happier summer. Fur coats, blue noses, shivery looking legs, are common sights in the streets of Paris. One has to smile to prevent one from crying when one thinks of all the pretty clothes which are lying idle in wardrobes and the equally pretty things which are being made at the dressmakers to tempt one to further extravagances. Wherever you go you see winter clothes being worn and summer clothes being shown. The mannequin parades at the Grand Palais where the Salons are being held, are performances to which everyone goes. To slow music the dresses are paraded and the rooms are thronged with interested people who lean up against the pictures as they stand on tip toe in their endeavours to see over the heads of others more fortunately provided with chairs. M. Chabas, an associate of the Salon des Artistes Français, is reported to have said that a dress is as much a work of art as a picture. Of course it may easily be more so than some pictures, but there are many people who deplore the comparison, since a work of art is created to endure and a dress is made to wear out as quickly as possible. Moreover, the one appeals, or should appeal, to something higher in one than mere vanity or passing pleasure, whereas the other is frankly something which should rank among domestic accomplishments! That point of view is old-fashioned, English, and altogether inadmissible; and it is not mine anyway, but that of a very delightful old man who "cannot abide" short skirts and painted faces because he still loves the memory of a woman who, when he first met her, wore sandals over white stockings, long full skirts of white organdi and long curls which strayed over her white shoulders! How true it is that most nice Englishmen are sentimental!

But enough of these meanderings! One of the new fashions is moiré. It is being made into the most attractive coats and skirts: in black, in navy blue, in beige, in pastel colours. The skirts are straight and short with some pleats at the sides and the coats are short with full basques which stick out on the hips. A casaque of lamé, of satin, of chiffon or georgette, or a waistcoat of satin, suède, or velvet, can be worn with a moiré coat and skirt. There is a charming thing in navy blue moiré with a casaque of rose and silver lamé softened down the front with a pink chiffon jabot finely plissé. You have only to stop and think for a moment and you can imagine a dozen fascinating combinations of colours for a moiré ensemble. When a casaque or a waistcoat is not worn, the dress may be in moiré with a jabot to trim it in lace, chiffon, or pleated georgette.

There is great liberty in hats, or rather, in the materials and colours used to make them.

(*Continued on page* 515)

LA MODE DES ENSEMBLES

Morning, noon or night our clothes must be assorted,
". . . . Nor coat helps frock more now than frock helps coat"

In the morning Madame will walk in an ensemble of grey and green. The little, straight cape is knotted at the neck and lined with the grey and almond green checked kasha of which the skirt, with one large pleat at the side, is made. Her hat is of felt-straw of both colours plaited to reiterate the check motif

The entente between dresses and coats is still further advanced by an ensemble for the afternoon in which navy blue crêpe de chine invites a heavy, white spotted georgette to form a tunic with two flounces and decorative bands on frock and coat. The little hat which is part of this triple alliance is dark blue, turned up in front

Not to be outdone by the united spirit of the clothes which come home at the hour when it is going out, an evening dress of pale pink crêpe satin trimmed with bands of royal blue pearls is escorted wherever it goes by a lovely coat of rose taffeta embroidered with silver thread and blue and trimmed with Asiatic fox

MEANDER IN PARIS—*continued from page* 513

You see quite as many felt hats as you did in the winter. Then there is soft plaited straw. I saw a woman having tea at the Ritz this week who was wearing a toque, almost a turban, of soft bands of plaited black and white straw with a dress and cape of black satin and a long soft jabot of white chiffon. Here and there gleamed a diamond pin and there were the usual yards of pearls. Alongside her sat a girl in navy blue allied to cornflower blue as a trimming. She wore a grey fox fur and a blue hat trimmed with silver, not much of it, but just enough to make the hat look like a dark cloud with a silver lining. That is what I have noticed: brightness flashes against something dark or neutral. A vivid colour, a flash of gold or silver, a gleam of jet. You see a black or navy blue dress or ensemble flashed with gold and red. There is one little dress *chez* Tollman which is as popular as Charlie Chaplin for the season. It is slightly flared from the hips and has slanting pockets at the sides outlined with red and gold embroidery and a fan of gold and red embroidery sticking out from each pocket. The same embroidery outlines the short V of the neck and trims the hands from the long tight sleeves. A dress in georgette of two shades of the old-fashioned fuchsia flowers is another success of the year. It has no trimming, but is just draped to show the two colours in the right proportions. It is ideal for a woman with white hair and a good complexion. And ladies who are no longer in their first youth do well not to have their skirts too short. This has been made clear at more than one luncheon, tea, and dinner party lately, and there are society women in Paris with a reputation for good dressing who still wear their skirts to their ankles.

When the officers of three American regiments who had come to lay a wreath on the unknown soldier's grave were entertained at the Interallied Club to luncheon, American and Frenchwomen all turned up in their very best tailor-mades and ensembles. One wore a black cloth coat and skirt piped with silk braid and the skirt folded at the back instead of at the front. Her hat was black and small, and in front of the coat hung one of the fashionable plissé white jabots which make for softness and are more becoming that hard waistcoats. A fa r woman was wearing a light tweed coat with a brown leather belt and buckle at the back only. By the way, there is a perfect plague of belts and buckles of all lengths and widths, worn in the most unexpected places. For instance; a very pretty woman had a navy blue ensemble and on the coat a lighter blue suède buckle and belt, and again, round a navy blue hat which had no brim and a soft crown, was passed a lighter blue suède belt and buckle clasping the head all round. A woman of some years wore a black satin skirt, a red satin jumper clasped tightly round the hem with a black satin belt and buckle. The coat was long and beautifully cut, and round her throat she wore a band of black satin tightly clasped. The hat, too, was in black satin, stockings of the finest black silk and black satin shoes. A rather fantastic lady wore a dress and short full basqued coat of green moiré. She looked as if she had stepped out of an eighteenth century picture with her lace wrist frills, her lace jabot, her waist higher set than is commonly seen, her big green hat and a green walking stick. In many of the new moiré ensembles one notices this eighteenth century look. Perhaps it is a forecast of what is coming. For more than one leader of fashions in the world of Parisian society would like to see the old, feminine styles back again and the boyish ease of the present day less emphasised.

Wherever one goes, whether it be to the Salon on a Friday, to see Grock at the Palace in the evening, at many variety entertainments, a mannequin parade is sure to come into the programme, and there are several signs which point to a revival of the higher waistline and the fuller hips. All through the season Lanvin's dresses have been marked by this fashion and now Louise

(*Continued on page* 538)

A delicious little lace and organdi collar adds its voice to the arguments in favour of a smart tailor-made of beige rep with buttons and pipings of self coloured satin which is sponsored by Lucile

A post-meridian idea becomes a fact when Lucile takes crêpe georgette of brick colour and two tones of beige and ingeniously uses the darker beige for decorative and ubiquitous plissé frillings

The Primavera spirit animates a frock of green and white foulard which insists still further on pristine freshness by annexing a gilet and transparent sleeves of white organdi. Philippe et Gaston

HOME HOUSE

A perfect example of an Adam House in London

By
Nathalie Magruder Campbell

Photographs by A. Langfier

The garden front of Home House designed by Robert Adam for the Countess of Home in 1775. The portico of Ionic columns and the vertically coupled Venetian windows are interesting features of a particularly fine and characteristic design

HOME HOUSE, 20, Portman Square, is the most beautiful Adam house in London. A finer example of Robert Adam's genius in domestic architecture is not to be found, nor one which preserves so completely the general and particular features of the day in which it was built. The elaborated and delicate beauty of its design and decoration is amazing, as is the masterly craftsmanship displayed in the execution of the detailed plans and drawings. The Countess of Home, for whom the work was carried out between the years 1775 and 1777, was the wife of William, Eighth Earl of Home, a member of an old Berwickshire family and of a peerage originating in Scotland with Baron Home in 1473. From the original plans which may be seen in the collection of Adam drawings in the Soane Museum it is plainly evident that the famous architect devoted immense care and study to the decorative treatment of this beautiful house . . . and when we learn that he was in love with Lady Home it can be readily understood how and why he put even more than the best of his mind and experience into the creation of her home! The house stands on the north side of Portman Square where the buildings are large and architecturally important, and is at once notable for its unusual width. Its simple and dignified façade of brick, darkened by time and the London atmosphere, is relieved by a few pateræ and by a characteristic porch. The balcony and upper story have

An alcove in the drawing room which is on the first floor. The decorations in low relief are gold on a background of palest eau-de-Nil

Lady Islington's sitting-room, which was an ante-room and looks over Portman Square, has pale green walls, while the doors and woodwork are painted cream and gold

been added at a later period. Invisible from the street at the back of the house, is a long walled garden, and this elevation has a semi-circular portico of graceful Ionic columns and vertically coupled Venetian windows.

The interior of this perfect house is difficult, if not impossible, to do justice to in any description, so fine are the proportions of its splendid rooms, so exquisite their decoration, so remarkable the workmanship displayed in every detail of its construction. It is a finished example of a complete scheme of design and decoration for a single house by Robert Adam, of whose work the outstanding qualities are purity of line and delicacy of modelling. One feels that it is essentially a house built for a woman—a considered setting for feminine beauty. For some years it was the London home of Lord and Lady Islington, but has lately passed into the hands of Mr. Samuel Courtauld.

From the doorway in the entrance porch one comes into a spacious and interesting hall; leading from this is another central hall containing the great circular staircase, a unique Adam design; the original drawings were fully worked out by him, even including colour sketches for the landscape pictures in the wall panels. Exceptionally graceful is the line of the balustrade, which is of ironwork decorated in gold, and has a handrail of highly polished walnut. The staircase walls, like those of the halls below, have at some time been extensively marbled. Of the three large reception-rooms on the ground floor, the morning-room in the front of the house is remarkable for its four angle columns, treated as porphyry, and its fine oval ceiling design; the decorative scheme is restful and charming, shades of blue for the walls with modelled relief designs in ivory, while the paintings in the original overmantel and ceiling panels are by Angelica Kauffmann. Immediately behind this room is the dining-room with windows at its far end overlooking the garden, and at the other, which is oval in shape, there are niches on either side of the door fitted with the original mahogany cupboards; original, too, is the floor of wide-planked wood. Here Adam's design called for an order of panelled and decorated pilasters which is very lovely, the scheme of colour being similar to that of the morning-room. Beyond a small ante-room is the original library where the beautifully carved

(*Continued on page* 540)

A doorway in the ballroom, of which the decorations are gold on a background of rose. There is a dado of fine mahogany. This doorway opens into an ante-room, beyond is the Countess of Home's Etruscan room

A beautiful mantelpiece in the ballroom is of white marble inlaid with ormulu. The panels are in jade and gold and the painted plaques are by Leone

In the morning room, which has four angle columns treated as porphyry and a fine oval ceiling design. The portraits are by Cuyp and Champagne. Orange satin curtains harmonise with the blue and ivory paintwork

"You will not object to a full-length photograph in our publication?—thanks so much"

THE REACTION

To sleep, perchance to dream—and really, one of these Gilbertian days it might come true. Modes and manners do change so!

By Chris Sewell

THE fire was delicious. It glowed. It enervated. It whispered of careless days when miners were unsophisticated folk and lived to oblige. I sat and sat, lulled into apathy; fending off the inevitable. . . . Now some demon of unrest was jealous of my peace. If not, why at that most restful moment should my knitting demand another ounce of two-ply? But it did. A brown end dangled reproachfully from the half-finished sock on my knee. . . . Fire or no fire, I must answer its call. . . . At my age one is often at the mercy of unexpectedly-terminating wool. I dedicated a sigh to Youth and Freedom and got up.

Outside in Oxford Street I ran (literally) into Ella Bosanquet. We both made for Jackson's at the same moment, and cannoned in the process.

Ella's greeting was wondrous cordial. It all but made me jump. Generally speaking I am somewhat of a *pis-aller*. As governess to her mother thirty years ago I must expect to be a *pis-aller*. I *do* expect it, and I do not complain: therefore I was naturally a little taken back when she dug her arm into mine and assured me with many squeezes that I was a well of water in a thirsty land!

"Who built that bonnet?" she whispered as we moved inside the shop.

At first I thought it was a new catch phrase like "Yes, we have no bananas"; but she was obviously in earnest. She looked anxious—almost hungry. And she meant to have an answer. I mentioned a respectable shop out Notting Hill way, which ordinarily she would have reviled and coupled with that equally respectable establishment, Noah's Ark.

She received the information, however, with reverence, seeming to hang on my words.

"After you've bought your flannel," she said—"now don't say it isn't flannel, Prism dear, because you never buy anything else—we'll run along there, and I'll get you to give me an introduction."

My eyes bulged with sheer amazement.

"I'm quite sure their style wouldn't suit you," I protested; "they really are not a bit up-to-date. They just do for old-fashioned bodies like me, but you ——"

"I want a bonnet *exactly* like the one you're wearing now," proclaimed Ella obstinately: "Black chip, close fitting, with wide strings, and a ducky velvet bow in front. I've worn out the only square-toed shoes which fitted me in rushing round second-hand shops, and I haven't discovered the right one. You see the *beast* I've got on?"

I adjusted my pince-nez and examined her headgear with interest. It was a perky brown affair, something between a deerstalker and a Brighton hat. It was rather more on the back of her head than usual.

"It's a little subdued in colour for you, dear, but I'm not sure that you don't look smarter in a plain hat than those eccentric affairs you have been wearing lately."

"Prism, you'll drive me wild!" cried Ella, dropping my arm as if it stung her: "you'll ——"

"Your pleasure, Moddam?" monotoned a bored shopwalker, and out of sheer flurry, I forgot my two-ply and stammered "flannel."

Ella's face expressed the length, height, depth and breadth of displeasure. She eyed me with actual dislike.

"I'm so sorry," I murmured, "but I really don't understand. You used to pride yourself on your smartness."

"Anyone but *you*," cried Ella so shrilly that the bored one right-about-faced with the air of a stake-nearing martyr under the impression that she wanted him, "would have known that smartness is as dead as—as diabolo."

"Dead?" I echoed faintly, more and more bewildered.

"Dead and putrid," snapped Ella.

"But ——"

"The bullseye, so to speak, of the very

(*Continued on page 520*)

BY APPOINTMENT

CARRINGTON & CO. LTD.

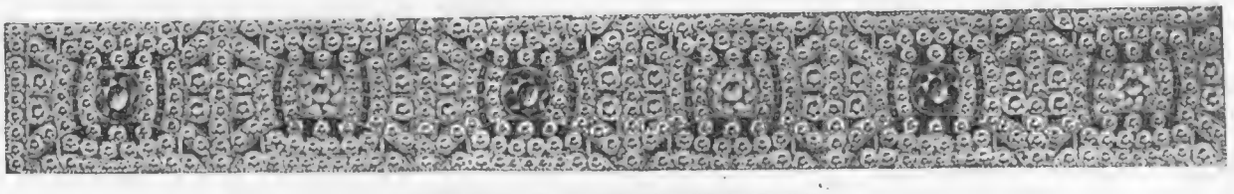
ONLY ADDRESS

Court Jewellers,

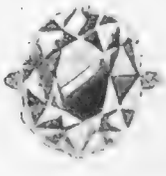
130, Regent Street, London, W.1

PEARLS FINE JEWELS ANTIQUE SILVER

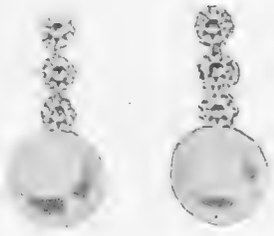
PART OF HISTORICAL ANTIQUE TOILET SET COMPRISING 27 PIECES. Weight 695 ounces, Date 1725



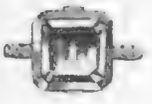
SAPPHIRE & DIAMOND BRACELET.



Fine Burmah Sapphire.



Pair of Pearl Button Earrings.



Specimen Emerald.

"*I've made you happy, too*"

The Hon. Richard Dawnay, Lord Downe's elder son, with his attractive American fiancée, Miss Margaret Bahnson, daughter of Mr. Christine Bahnson, of Passail, New Jersey. They were photographed at Wykeham Abbey, Lord Downe's Yorkshire home

elect, the Eldorado of the really sm —— I mean frowsy woman, is dowdiness."

"Good gracious!" I gasped, sinking into a chair which the shopwalker had carried to the flannel counter, as if it were his dying effort.

"Do you suppose I impede my naturally free stride with twisting merino petticoat for *fun*, or that I wed elastic-sided boots to velveteen and bugle trimmings in the morning, *pour m'amuser?*" cried Ella bitterly.

"I ——hadn't thought about it," I stammered, looking her up and down in rapid alarm. "I am so blind without my pince-nez. Dear me—yes—you *have* altered your outline. You rather remind me of the people in the old *Graphics* you used to laugh at when you were a tot."

I had said the right thing at last! Ella condescended to smile.

"The best shops can't do it," she condescended to inform me. "They haven't got the Gamp *flair*. They make everything look chic."

A weary young lady at the counter was trying meanwhile to discover my wishes, and adjust her chignon—which was in a net—at the same moment. She discovered them (my wishes, I mean), wrapped up the result and handed it to me while she talked over a pile of boxes to a friend.

"Keep on your pince-nez," Ella advised, "while we walk down to your milliner's — yes, — we'll walk — you'll find it worth while to look about you for once in a way."

Swing doors ushered us again into the outer world. But a very few yards had we progressed when Ella poked me with what I suddenly discovered to be the very horny head of an umbrella which had sown its wild oats years before, and many of them.

"*Do* look at the Dowager Duchess of Bellswister," she whispered enviously: "isn't she three-and-six-a-day-and-her-beer to the life?"

I looked in apprehension at the Bellswister equipage. The Dowager's proportions are at the best of times generous, and a permanent blush had contracted a habit of pervading her face. In a shawl such as we are accustomed to associate with Lancashire mill hands, and a wispy bonnet with three dejected but sizeable chrysanthemums, she was the very spirit incarnate of Spring Cleaning. Ella assaulted me again before I had gazed my fill.

"Oh! Le Fèvre St. Savon's got a bowler with a frock coat," she whispered ecstactically: "tan shoes, and a made bow tie which shows the fastening thing. *What* an inspiration!" and she bowed with extra sweetness to Lord St. Savon.

Major Benmark-Duey passed us at that moment on the other side. I recollected once hearing Ella say he was the best-dressed man in Town. The fact had impressed me. Under the startling circumstances I had the curiosity to eye him closely. He doesn't know me, and besides, he was engaged in looking at Ella. He wore spectacles in lieu of his eyeglass, I noticed — a silk hat which concealed his forehead and covered the tips of his ears, a tan Norfolk coat and what seemed to me, in the rapidity of his passing, to be very tight, very sheeny, short grey trousers. I wish I had noticed his shoes.

Ella told me afterwards she thought they were ordinary plimsolls of the pepper and salt variety, and that he wore knitted grey socks with them.

"He is always *à l'occasion*," she whispered admiringly, checking a temptation (which would not have been out of place with her costume) to turn round and stare after him.

He swerved off down a side street.

"I've got an evening dress," she confided, pulling me closer, "which is simply *it* and then some! High up to the ears behind, and just a wee square in front. You wear a gigantic locket with it almost the size of the square. It has lots of priceless pleats and made-up bows—small ones—which drop off, you know. It laces down the back and the sleeves sort of billow, and there's a plaster of crude artificial flowers on one shoulder. I'm keeping it for the 'Spinsters.'"

"I should think it would keep *you* for the spinsters," I murmured, venturing a mild jest and instantly repenting it. "Ella," I cried affectionately, "nothing would spoil you! You give a *cachet* to everything you wear; you're so ——"

But I had passed the bounds of the permissible, it seemed.

Ella dropped my arm with a jerk which shook me, and marched away furiously. I saw in the dim distance an offended back in a brown basqued coat, below which black velveteen and bugles angrily disturbed the pavement dust.

So after all she never got the bonnet.

I moved onwards with a sigh, catching a glimpse of that little American actress whom everyone raves about. She wore a white sailor hat, cotton gloves and a plush dolman, and I saw elastic under her chin. It looked uncomfortable.

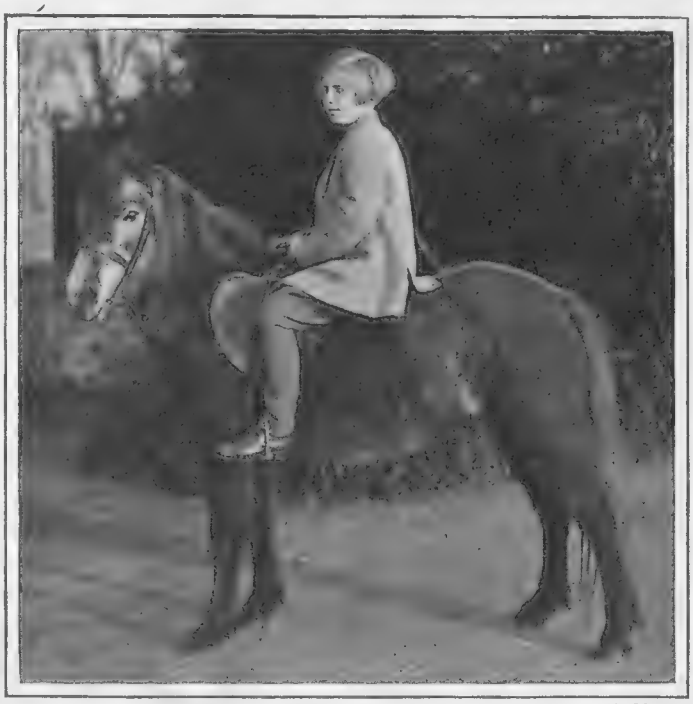
Mrs. Bosanquet had given me a ticket for a private view of pictures (near Leicester Square) by the new Spanish artist who is so much the vogue—I never can attempt his name. I had the ticket in my bag, I remembered, and I went on there. Before I could open my catalogue, a girl with untidy hair and a bustle came up and asked me carneyingly if she might take notes of my costume. "I do the dress column in the 'First Flight,'" she explained in answer to my raised eyebrows, and she bit a pencil at me, and smiled ingratiatingly.

"But ——" I began, "I ——"

"My dear Madam, you're simply before the 'First Flight' as far as style's concerned. Haven't you realised *that*? . . . Yes, really you are. There's no one here to touch you. Half our Society women must be green with envy. I didn't catch your name? Prism? — Prism? — Countess of?—no, *Lady* Prism, then? no, just plain Miss?—I should never have thought it. You will not object to a full-length photograph in our publication — thanks *so* much and——"

But this *embarras des richesses* in the way of flattery was making me faint, or was it the heat of the salon? At any rate the lady with the pencil began to wobble, like a faulty cinematograph film. Even as I sought to steady her she wobbled away. My dizziness increased. It was the heat—it *must* be the heat.

(*Continued on page* 538)



W. Dennis Moss

Miss Diana Gibson

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Gibson's daughter. Her father as one of the official handicappers is a familiar figure at race meetings. He has ridden in the Grand National, and is also a fine cricketer

LOOKING YOUR BEST

When the dainty woman prepares her toilet no trouble seems too great. By keeping handy a bottle of "*4711*" she easily maintains her charm and daintiness with very little effort. A timely inhalation or bathing the temples or wrists will restore the freshness and vigor so essential to her beauty. No other Eau de Cologne can approach "*4711*" (with the Blue and Gold Label) for lasting fragrance or purity. Keep it handy for the home or when travelling.

OF ALL DEALERS IN HIGH CLASS PERFUMES
2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-, 30/-, & 56/- *per bottle.*

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

Looking on at Muirfield. Mrs. Roger Wethered, Miss Joyce Wethered, Mrs. Wethered, Miss Hunnewell, Mrs. George Philippi and Miss Margaret Coats

Balmain

TANDRIDGE OPEN MEETING

IT is not often that the golfing journalist wishes for the comparatively silly season, with more space than she knows how to fill. But that is the feeling at the moment, first acquaintance with Tandridge having filled Eve with the desire to sit down and write several thousand words about nothing whatsoever except the pleasure of playing there. The wish may perhaps be gratified some day, but at this moment there are other open meetings to be noticed, and Tandridge ought not, chronologically, even to come first.

Be that as it may, a voyage of discovery must always take precedence of a tour on the beaten track, and so Eve insists on starting this week by saying frankly that she has seldom enjoyed anything more than the last ten holes of Tandridge. And when she discloses the horrid truth that in those ten she perpetrated a nightmare nine, and so missed the scratch prize by one stroke, it is obvious that she is indeed "saying some," for that is not the sort of experience to endear holes to you, unless they are out of the common interesting. That is, though, what they are. If you go out for the right shots there and bring them off you glow with satisfaction such as warmed you even on that wet and miserable morning of the open meeting; if you fail, still there is a feeling that you have failed gloriously and will conquer next time, or if you are so thoroughly bad that even that consoling thought is lacking, still there are those glorious views, surely amongst the finest from any Surrey golf course, and a delightful clubhouse, built in much the same attractive way as Denham, some excellent catering, and the most comfortable of arm-chairs.

As aforesaid, detailed description of the actual holes must wait till there is more space available, but in the meantime it must be said that by some form of conjuring of which Mr. Colt must have the secret, you see hills, and you drive down them, but by some miracle you never appear to walk up them. Of course, if you are so misguided as to carry your match on to the bitter end—and what a great finish it is there—you have to put one foot above the other, and go on putting it, but assuming that you win by 3 and 2, the weakest heart might tackle the course without a palpitation. Mrs. Laming Evans, who used to be so invaluable at Mid-Surrey, was amongst those working untiringly so that all the one hundred and twenty competitors had everything heart could wish; the meeting ran on oiled wheels, and only a finer morning could have been wished for, and possibly a more impressive card from somebody to set up a worthy record of the course. Not that there was not much solid worth, considering the weather conditions, in Mrs. Findlay's 85, which won the scratch prize, but par is 76, and considering that the club's own promising young player recorded 87—17=70, it is

(*Continued on page 524*)

For a change

Mrs. Satterthwaite and Captain Hillyard temporarily desert tennis for golf at that delectable spot, Gleneagles. Evidently they do not believe the theory that the one game is fatal to the other

THE SCORE OF THE WEEK

Mrs. Lodge's 77, which won the Burhill Open Meeting scratch prize. Par is 78, and the day was heavy

BROADTAIL AND MINK

We have recently purchased very large parcels of fine quality Mink and Broadtail at extremely advantageous prices and although values have since risen we are continuing to pass on to our customers the benefit of the original prices. A number of attractive models in these very fashionable furs may now be seen in our Salons

Bradleys
Chepstow Place Lp
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

COLD STORAGE FOR FURS

The charges for our complete Fur Storage Service are extremely low. For example, a stole valued at £20 is stored for one year for 3/-, a long coat valued at £50 for 9/-, or £100 for 16/6. Full particulars of our Cold Storage System, which is second to none in the Kingdom, will be sent upon request

EVE AT GOLF—*continued from page 522*

obvious that some of the good players there might have done better than they did. This young player is Miss Jean Hamilton, who may some day bring further fame to Tandridge; on this occasion she very suitably headed the Silver Division list with six strokes to spare.

KENT CHAMPIONSHIP

Langley Park, the home club of the holder, Mrs. J. R. Mason, was the scene of the Kent championship, and who shall dare to say that Mrs. Mason was lucky to win in 1925 at Hythe, when she repeated the performance so very firmly in 1926? In the first round she met and overcame Mrs. Cautley to the extent of 6 and 5. Having overwhelmed experience, she was equally drastic with little Miss Dorothy Pearson, who represents promise. The semi-final was the critical moment, and the greatest credit attaches to Mrs. Major for the grand fight she put up. Indeed, this Chislehurst player was up all the time until the 17th, where the match was square. Then, with that marvellous fighting brilliance for which both Mrs. Mason and her sister, Mrs. Hurst, are famous, Mrs. Mason produced a two, and with it won the match. Mrs. Hurst struggled gallantly in the final, only losing by 3 and 2.

HADLEY WOOD

It is delightful to go back to a course and find it improved so immensely, and that must certainly be the verdict on Hadley Wood, where judicious management has worked wonders with the fairways and greens. An excellent open meeting, on the most summery day of the season, saw a goodly gathering, helped on their way by the most kindly administration of free drinks at the turn, and altogether enjoying themselves heartily, as well they might. The day was one long triumph for Mrs. Yates of Camberley Heath—another honour for that club. In the morning she took the scratch prize with 85, despite a most distressing number of putts on the outward journey; in the afternoon, these weaknesses left behind, she won the singles over eighteen holes against the par of 76 with a grand return of 4 up. Miss Kent, Miss Whybrants and Mrs. Lock were the other principal prize-winners.

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE WEEK

To Tandridge on a delightful first Open Meeting, not to mention older hands at the business, such as St. George's Hill; and to Mrs. J. R. Mason on retaining the Kent Championship

ST. GEORGE'S HILL

St. George's Hill, complete with nightingale, rhododendrons and a refreshing breeze, was a vision of delight on the day of the open meeting, and everything went, as it is apt to go when Miss Joannides has a hand in it, perfectly and to the enjoyment of everybody. And probably the club were quite content, not only at the way in which their own members did so well in all the

(*Continued on page* 540)

Mrs. Lionel Heald

Playing in White's Club Golf Tournament at Princes, Sandwich. She is a younger daughter of Lady Angela Forbes

At Sandwich

The Hon. Mrs. Percy Thellusson and the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson. White's tournament produced some excellent golf

Lady Dalmeny

Taking an easy at Princes, Sandwich during the tournament which was won by Mr. F. J. Menzies

SELFRIDGE'S

Miss Mimi Crawford who has made such a success in R.S.V.P. is shown here wearing a very charming race frock from Selfridge's Salon for Petites. In this famous Salon you will find models that have been expressly designed for the small figure and service given by those who are highly specialised in their knowledge of the requirements of small women.

A fascinating feature of this charming race frock is the lace cape that matches the frock. The frock has a little bodice fitting to the figure and a full lace skirt. This model is in beige only.

PRICE **7½** gns.

Salon for Petites—
Second Floor

Selfridge & Co. Ltd., London.

THE GARDEN IN JUNE

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

(*Author of "A Garden of Herbs," "The Old English Herbals," "The Old English Gardening Books," "The Old-World Pleasaunce," etc.*)

"Nature . . . .
Who never negligently yet
Fashioned an April violet,
Nor would forgive, did June disclose
Unceremoniously the rose."

W. WATSON.

THE more cheerful of the weather prophets reminded us during the continued cold of May that three years ago when we had just such a May of rain and even snow, it was followed by a summer of almost continuous sunshine. Let us hope we shall have a repetition of this, and that the gorgeous weather which ushered in summer, with a rush at Whitsuntide, will continue. I have chosen two water scenes for the illustrations this month, mainly because they look so deliciously cool. We make little use of water—at least, in small gardens, nowadays, but in the days of our Mediæval and Elizabethan ancestors a fountain or a pool was the central feature of nearly all gardens. Bacon mentions both fountains and "fair receipts of water," the latter being as a rule rectangular ponds. They frequently served as bathing pools and in large gardens they appear to have been very ornate—"it may admit much curiosity and beauty, as that the bottom be finely paved and adorned with images, the sides likewise and withal embellished with coloured glass and such things of lustre, encompassed also with fine rails of low statues."

In the flower garden continual hoeing is necessary now to keep down the weeds. Seeds of perennials can still be sown and also primroses, polyanthuses, wallflowers, violas, pansies, etc. Wallflowers always do better however if planted early as they like to be put into their flowering quarters as soon as possible. It is essential to transplant them, otherwise they make too much tap root.

Anderson

A Roman beauty spot: the lake in the gardens of the Villa Pamphili

When the aubretias have finished flowering, cuttings may be taken from them to increase the supply. If a clump of aubretia is transplanted, however, it is very apt to die out at the centre. Where antirrhinums are treated as biennials, now is the time to get up a good supply of this most useful flower. The seed should be sown at this time of year in the open very thinly. Success depends on transplanting to the beds where they are to flower as soon as the seedlings are large enough to handle. Antirrhinums are most accommodating plants, but they cannot stand cold heavy soils. In dry starved soils they flourish and produce masses of flowers. Hence dry warm beds beside the house suit them admirably. The old-fashioned tall snapdragon is by far the most graceful, though the intermediate variety, beloved by gardeners, is certainly more tidy.

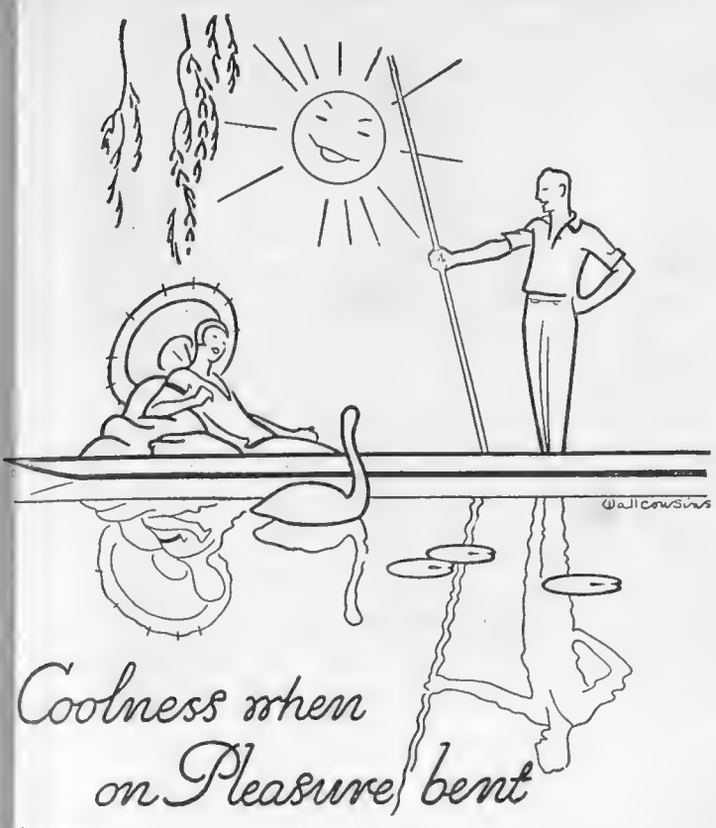
Columbines are at last coming back into favour. They are quite easy to raise from seed if sown *as soon as the seed is ripe*. They should be sown in boxes of light soil and the boxes put in a cold frame. Transplant when they are a fair size, but not too young. They flourish most in light well-drained soils. Nearly all the modern varieties are long spurred and, if anything, more graceful than the beautiful old type. Double columbines seem to lose all their grace and no true lover of this flower cares for them. The columbine played an important part in mediæval flower-symbolism, for it signified the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. In the wild columbine the petals are suggestive of little doves, but there are only five of them and therefore the Flemish painters, who were always so exquisitely accurate, painted seven flowers on each plant to make the symbolism accurate. In Hubert van Eyck's "Queen of Heaven," in Ghent Cathedral, there are seven columbines in the crown.

In the kitchen garden continual hoeing is essential, chiefly to aerate the soil and also to keep down the weeds. Brussels sprouts raised under glass should be planted out now. They need to be very firmly pressed round the roots if they are to produce a fine crop of close buttons. The earlier brussels sprouts are planted out the better the results will be, for they cannot stand being huddled in the seed-bed. Also a long period of growth is essential for success for this most delicious of all greens. Endive can be sown this month for an early crop, but our autumns are now usually so warm that it is better to defer sowing till July. Owing to their tendency to bolt it is better to thin out than to transplant. One rarely sees endive in small gardens, yet they are as easy to grow as lettuces. Both the curled variety and the Batavian are perfectly hardy, and the latter being more erect in growth can be blanched by tying. After sowing, the bed must be well "firmed" with the back of the spade.

This is the best time for making a mushroom bed out of doors. Beds in the open should be made on hard dry ground and the bed itself must be very firm, otherwise the mushrooms will be poor specimens. Spawn should always be obtained from one of the best firms, each brick broken into about seven pieces and placed about eight inches apart with a layer of fine soil over them. Cover with mats and the crop should be ready in about six weeks. Mush rooms grown out of doors are seldom attacked by the mushroom grub.

Anderson

A fountain at Frascati



Coolness when on Pleasure bent

IT takes more than a cloudless sky, a pleasant stretch of water, a charming companion to make a perfect day. Just a little more—the appropriate attire.

Think of a material of pleasing texture, gleaming white, which ensures the coolness of the wearer when the sun is at its zenith yet protects when the chill of evening comes—such is AERTEX fabric.

It is made up of myriads of tiny cells which act as an air-circulating system, allowing the air to insulate the wearer and thus providing the fullest comfort in all changes of temperature.

AERTEX garments have a look of summer about them. They are designed on lines which appeal to active women.

Get the fullest joy from the sunny days, feel well protected when our prankish summer belies its name. AERTEX is the British Underwear for British weather.

Complete range of AERTEX garments for women and children are sold by drapers throughout the United Kingdom. In case of difficulty in obtaining, write to Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 72 & 73 Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request to Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 72 & 73 Fore Street, London, E.C.2. Please mention "Eve" when writing.

AERTEX

UNDERWEAR

See this label THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON *on all garments*

1.

KEEPING PACE *with Fashion's trend easily & economically*

NOWADAYS the splendidly simple pattern services enable one to make authentic garments at home, and so keep pace with fashion changes economically. How easy it is, too, to make the newest styles with the latest Singer Sewing Machine.

Whereas ordinary sewing machines offer limited scope for stitching effects, a Singer—because of its wonderful range of attachments—enables one to create exclusive embroidery and fancy stitching, with just the same ease as ordinary plain work.

Think of the delightful originality you can impart to your garments irrespective of the hand-made appearance occasioned by the neatness of Singer work.

Behind every Singer machine there is a world-wide service, in the form of shops to which you can turn should advice or instruction be needed. There are Singer Shops in every town, so there is sure to be one near you.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES

Hand, Treadle and Electric

Your local Singer Shop will gladly demonstrate them without any obligation whatever. See also the Bracket-type Electric Motor to convert ordinary Singer Machines for Electric Sewing. The easiest of easy payments can be arranged where desired—write or call to-day:

Singer Sewing Machine Co. Ltd.
St. Paul's Churchyard
London, E.C.4

CONFETTI

IN its measures following the collapse of the Riff War the French Government will no doubt be careful to make the punishment fit the Krim.

THERE is a man in London who has not uttered a word for a year. Humorists have so far failed to grapple with the case in the usual way because the poor fellow is a bachelor.

A POLICE official has been describing the best ways of dispersing a crowd. But apparently he hasn't tried dancing the Charleston.

THE strike disclosed that Britons never, never shall be slaves and that Society women can't fry sausages for nuts.

A BRIDGE player in Chicago has been shot by his partner because he revoked. It's no good, we never shall get used to these American conventions!

MEN, says a writer, are very conservative in the matter of their clothes. This doesn't matter so much so long as they are liberal in regard to the clothes of their wives.

OWING to the strike certain important events have been postponed till towards the end of the season. The present arrangements for Rat Week, however, will not be disturbed.

ONE famous jazz conductor in London employs two secretaries. Others just throw their threatening letters into the wastepaper basket.

THAT picture of a saxophone in the Academy is so realistic that one can almost feel one's flesh creep!

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

One would not back her for a beauty prize,
Her hair is rather of an ashen tint,
Her nose might pass, if 'twere but half the size,
Her eyes turn inwards with a painful squint;
Upon the *face* of it one must confess
Her chances would be nil—or rather less!

Nor has she stacks of gold at her command,
In fact, I know she hasn't got a bean.
Yet men in hundreds clamour for her hand!
Strange! But it's this that makes them all so keen—
She has (or had), according to report,
Two tickets for a certain Centre Court!

THE B.B.C. is to curtail its talks. So I shall have to go back to counting sheep again!

WOMEN, declares a novelist, is no longer a mystery. The theory is that he called on one and found her out.

ACCORDING to Arnold Bennett we are the most admired nation on the face of the earth. But fortunately we shall never run the risk of getting swollen heads so long as there is an American Press.

"Now what did yer want to fall down there for?"
"I didn't want to-ooo!"

"MOST of our great men have very simple hobbies." But it is untrue that Mr. Henry Ford is passionately addicted to gathering nuts.

SUMMER sunshine is a merciless discloser of faults. For instance, this is the time of year when we begin to realise what liars the men are who compile illustrated seed catalogues.

A LONDON hairdresser has installed a loud speaker in his shop. Naturally, it has been tuned in on a permanent wave length.

"A HAT is a futile thing," says Dr. Graham Little. Mr. Winston Churchill is, however, of opinion that even a few tiles are better than none!

THE young American grows more and more luxurious. Instead of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth he now uses platinum!

THE world is to end, according to an American scientist, on June 20. Very annoying! It was just about then that we proposed to win a Test Match!

THERE is now a penalty of £50 for making false statements in marriage declarations. A girl who told her *fiancé* that he was the only man who had ever kissed her has been let off with a caution under the First Offenders Act.

VEGETARIANS are said to be invariably good-tempered. Probably this is because they never have for any length of time that fed-up feeling.

WE are not half so up-to-date as we used to be. So far I have looked in vain for an announcement that bees have swarmed in a loud speaker.

ACCORDING to a laundry expert a collar goes through five processes after being ironed. For external evidence I should have said that this number was under rather than overstated.

DURING a most anxious stage of the coal crisis, we are told, Mr. Baldwin spent a whole morning in a wood listening to a cuckoo. One would have thought he had heard enough of the first syllable at all events!

CANON ALEXANDER says that no one can be called educated who has not attained the will to serve. This is a nasty one for the girl behind the counter at the Post Office!

IT would be, according to a scientist, impossible to cook eggs on Mars. And there are a good many cooks who can't do it properly even on Earth.

A PRISON chaplain tells us that many ex-burglars make their peace with society and lead quiet, orderly lives. In one case, however, I see that the scoundrel is writing his reminiscences.

THE modern girls' school, says a writer, is doing its best to produce future lawn-tennis champions. One can only hope that the little dears are being taught to spell properly, and not to split their infinitives.

IS it the fishing up of a dead crocodile off Folkestone which has caused such a dull opening to the Channel Swimming season?

ARTHUR TRISTRAM

BY APPOINTMENT

Presents for Men

BY APPOINTMENT

Jade, Onyx and 18 carat Gold Links.
£8 0 0 per pair.
Hand-painted Cut Crystal and 18 carat Gold Links.
£13 10 0 per pair.
Onyx, Diamond and Platinum Links.
£19 10 0 per pair.
Engine-turned, 18 carat Gold, Blue and White Enamel Links.
£4 10 0 per pair.
Engine-turned, Platinum and 18 carat Gold Links.
£4 12 6 per pair.

Keyless Lever Watch in 9 carat Gold. Thin model for dress wear.
£7 10 0

Platinum and 18 carat Gold Watch Chain, modern design. Length 13½ inches. **£7 17 6**
Without Bar. **£7 0 0**

It is the diversity of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's stock of Suitable Gifts that ensures a satisfactory choice. To those unable to visit the Company's Showrooms, a selection of articles will be sent for approval, or an illustrated Catalogue posted upon request.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

with which is incorporated the Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd. Established 1751

only address **112, Regent Street London, W.1.** no branches

(Corner of Glasshouse Street)

Sent on Approval.

ATTRACTIVE SLEEVELESS FLORAL CHIFFON

FROCKS

FOR YOUNG LADIES

Attractive Sleeveless Floral Chiffon Frock (*as sketch*) for young ladies, slight fullness on shoulder, trimmed ribbon velvet on bodice showing ends falling from double flounced skirt; lined silk to tone. In a variety of artistic colours.

PRICE

89/6

Catalogue post free

Innovation Trunks

We have recently opened a Department for Innovation Trunks and other travelling requisites at 69 & 71 Welbeck Street (opposite our Main Building), where every travelling necessity, whether for road, rail or steamer, will be found in all the latest and most exclusive models and designs. A visit of inspection is cordially invited.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.1

Don't let HEADACHE Spoil your Holiday

THE worries of packing—the excitement of catching the train—the tedious journey itself, and the irregular meals, all tend to give you a Headache.

Be prepared! Always carry a bottle of Genasprin with you, and at the first sign of Headache or other Nerve Pain take two Genasprin tablets. They will quieten the throbbing nerves and banish the worst Headache in a few minutes. Remember, too, that Genasprin is guaranteed *pure* and *safe*. It does not affect the heart or upset the stomach.

GENASPRIN

(The SAFE Brand of Aspirin)

Go *now* to your nearest chemist and get a supply of Genasprin—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets. You will then ensure for yourself and your family—a holiday without headaches.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

E. J. Mason

MID-DAY MENUS FOR JUNE

Many of the late-flowering tulips look their best in daylight and make a charming centrepiece in a glass or china bowl on the lunch table, and are an appropriate accompaniment to the young fruits and vegetables and light entrées which comprise the most agreeable kind of mid-day meal

By Catherine Ives

THE spirit in which dinner is approached very naturally varies according to the personality of the diner.

To some people, we are told, it is an end in itself, the most important hour in the twenty-four.

To others it means little more than an incident which marks the end of the day: and there is a third type which looks upon dinner as the beginning of the evening, a prelude to those hours in which life is so often more vivid and enchanting than at any time.

You may therefore think of dinner as an overture or as a finale, as you please. The mid-day meal allows you no such license.

You may lunch very, very lightly, and be off about your business or your pleasure while others are still dallying with their hors d'œuvres. The custom of taking a microscopic breakfast and a good deal of exercise may constrain you to linger for some time at the luncheon table; but the meal itself must always take the form of an interlude.

It makes a distinct break between the hours that come before and after noon.

It is, at its best, rather like the scherzo in the middle of a sonata.

This is not the chief point of difference between luncheon and dinner as set out in Household Encyclopædias, Comprehensive Cookery Books, and similar guides to the Arts of Housekeeping. The point these worthy volumes usually stress is that a certain degree of informality is permissible at luncheon but unforgivable at dinner; although how a meal can be formal if the convives are not, or informal if it is attended by persons of august and imposing bearing is not explained.

It seems to me that the really pleasing difference between luncheon and dinner lies in the fact that you can use flowers whose subtlety of colouring would be lost by artificial light, and tablecloths or mats, china or baking dishes which would not marry so well with the food and drink that are more acceptable in the evening than in the middle of the day.

Wallflowers, for example, especially the charming old-fashioned kind known in country places by the name of "rhubarb pie," have a way of looking shy and self-conscious when you surround them with candles and a few sophisticated people in evening dress. All their mauvy-pink petals try to pretend that they are beige, and the crimson velvet ones turn brown. But none of these things happen when they are allowed to stand in a creamy Wedgwood bowl, with spring sunshine tracing their shadows on a tablecloth of primrose linen, and lavender plates and dishes giving a note of coolness to the luncheon table.

Many of the late-flowering tulips are also at their best in daylight, and you may choose cherry blossom or crab-apple blossom, cowslips or belated globe flowers to accompany the young fruits and vegetables and the light entrées which comprise the most agreeable kind of mid-day meal.

(1) ASPARAGUS. *Iced, and laid on an oval dish of glass or china.*
SAUCE MOUSSELINE.
KIDNEYS FOURRES. *In a brown earthenware dish*
POTATOES MAITRE D'HOTEL. GREEN PEAS.
GRAPE FRUIT CUPS. *Filled with strawberries, bananas, grapes, and a little grape fruit.*
CREAM CHEESE. FAIRY BREAD. COFFEE.

---

(2) OMELET. *Filled with asparagus tips.*
MAYONNAISE OF HALIBUT.
SALAD. *Of rice, diced beetroot and radish cups filled with minced spring onion. Or, of lettuce, new potatoes, peas or flageolet beans and sieved yolk of egg.*
GOOSEBERRY PYRAMID. CREAM.
CHEESE. BISCUITS. COFFEE.

The question of the proper sauce to accompany cold asparagus is very much a matter of personal taste.

If you are very fond of asparagus, you will prefer a gentle mousseline sauce made with cold hollandaise and whipped cream to the more aggressive vinaigrette or mayonnaise. Veal kidneys, if they are available, are the best ones to choose for the entrée of the first menu.

You will also need four ounces of lean ham and two ounces of fat ham (for four kidneys), a grate each of lemon rind and nutmeg, a generous sprinkling of coarse black pepper and a few fresh white breadcrumbs.

(*Continued on page* 538)

Many a wealthy Amsterdammer of old had a riverside retreat on the Vecht; and goodly flasks of Bols ever furnished his liqueur chest.

WHEREVER there is good living there are Bols Liqueurs. They rejoice the eye, and delight the palate; in flavour, aroma and purity they are the finest product of distillation.

Ask for Bols: Kümmel Curaçao Maraschino Crème de Menthe Cherry Brandy Dry Gin and Very Old Hollands Gin.

BOLS 1575

BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD., Corn Exchange Chambers, Seething Lane, London, E.C.3.

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield

MISS ZENA DARE

(the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett)

the famous actress, who has made a welcome return to the stage in the rôle of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," writes:

"AFTER some years' absence from the stage, I naturally found it at first something of an ordeal, but thanks to my long-established confidence in Phosferine, I found much of my nervous anxiety was dispelled by taking a few doses, and was able to play with increasing confidence. In overcoming this preliminary nervousness, my warmest appreciations are due to Phosferine."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size

Aldwych

AT ASCOT—

[Taken with a ZEISS F/4·5 TESSAR

A BINOCULAR IS ESSENTIAL.

A ZEISS

Binocular is the link between utility and elegance. Over 30 years' ceaseless devotion to an ideal have gone to the making of a ZEISS binocular, and the result is an instrument perfect in every detail, marvellous in performance and with the perfection of outward design which marks out the ZEISS from among all others as the crowning triumph of optical workmanship.

AT ASCOT THE ZEISS IS *DE RIGUEUR.*

Full particulars in Illustrated Catalogue T33 from the British Distributors:

J. W. ATHA & CO. Winsley House, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

EVE GOES SHOPPING

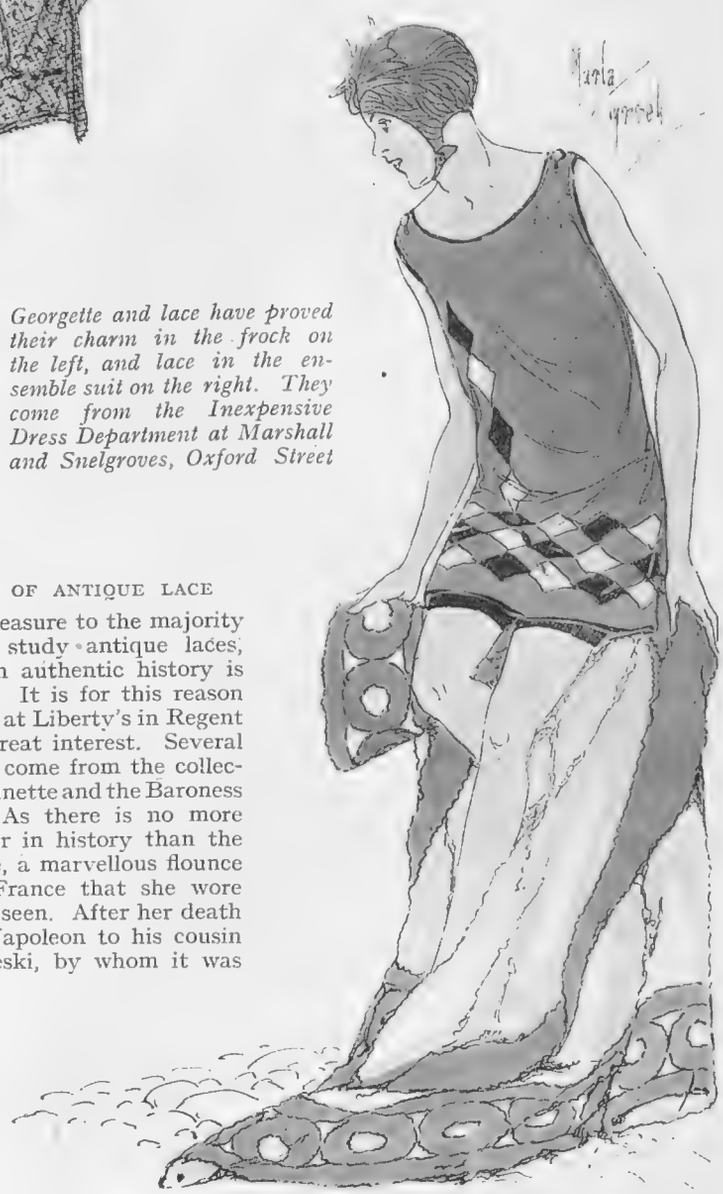
By M. E. Brooke

Georgette and lace have proved their charm in the frock on the left, and lace in the ensemble suit on the right. They come from the Inexpensive Dress Department at Marshall and Snelgroves, Oxford Street

BEACH AND BATHING SUITS

NEVER has there been a time when beach and bathing suits and frocks have been more attractive, a fact that will be forcibly brought home to all who visit the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. To them must be given the credit of the simple wool stockinette suit seen below—the colour scheme is green, the diamond pattern being expressed in black and white. It is 29s., and the rubber cap 8s. 6d. The bathing wrap is of Turkish towelling, with an appliqué design. While on the subject of practical bathing attire it must be related that there is an infinite variety of wool stockinette swimmers from 18s. 9d., and that those of the Canadian character in the same material, decorated with swallows worked in feathers are 39s. 6d. A novelty this season are the crêpe de chine models; the swimmers are plain while the tunics have a lizard pattern. In the distance it has the effect of leather. Again, there are taffetas tunics accompanied by wool or Milanese swimmers.

(*Continued on page* 534)



Thoroughly smart and ever so practical is this wool stockinette bathing suit with rubber cap. It may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

FROCKS AT PLEASANT PRICES

IT is not until one has carefully studied the frocks in the Inexpensive Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W., that one realises the gilt-edge investments that they are. It is safe to predict that many women will choose their Ascot frocks there. Nothing is permitted to find a position there that costs more than 6 guineas. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that this is the cost of the black lace frock pictured; it is mounted on crêpe de chine, and this price includes the coat. Should it be preferred this ensemble suit may be had in a lovely shade of silver-grey. Six guineas is likewise the cost of the georgette dress, an artistic study in black and red; it is available in other colour schemes as well as in all-black. There is a wealth of choice in printed chiffons, a variation on this theme being those with borders, many of which are arranged with abbreviated floating capes at the back only. There is much to please in the georgette frocks showing a confetti pattern with white cascading jabôts. It must be mentioned that there are "tub" and zephyr frocks for 39s. 6d.

AN EXHIBITION OF ANTIQUE LACE

IT is a genuine pleasure to the majority of women to study antique laces, especially when an authentic history is attached to them. It is for this reason that the exhibition at Liberty's in Regent Street, W., is of great interest. Several of the pieces have come from the collections of Marie Antoinette and the Baroness Burdett Coutts. As there is no more appealing character in history than the Empress Josephine, a marvellous flounce of old Point de France that she wore as a train must be seen. After her death it was given by Napoleon to his cousin Cardinal Count Feski, by whom it was used as an alb trimming. Several specimens have come from the collection of the Princesse Annie de Lusignan (of the Royal House of Cyprus). No one must leave this exhibition without seeing a piece of Point de Bruxelles, with a wonderful reproduction of a waterfall and lotus flowers floating on a stream.

FRECKLES

Nothing is more disfiguring than freckles, which are more apt to appear on a fine skin. These should be eliminated at the beginning of the season, and for that purpose no better method could be adopted than the use of Marguerite Lepère's Freckle Lotion, a wonderfully cooling and effective lotion.

Price . . . . . 4/6 & 8/6.
Postage . . . . . 6d. extra.

MARGUERITE LEPÈRE

64, SOUTH MOLTON STREET. W.1.

FORTNUM & MASON

182 PICCADILLY W.1

Stockinette Suit, coat braided with self colours or black

6 Gns.

Colours: Red, Saxe, Beige, Grey, Brown, Jade, Shrimp, etc.

Alternative Style

Immaculate daintiness—a woman's greatest charm!

HOURS after your bath

are you still dainty and sweet?

THE glow of freshness when you step from your bath—clean, sweet, and immaculate; if you could only retain the feeling all day long!

But the rush and bustle of the day begins—just a few minutes' hurry and excitement, and all your daintiness is ruined, for unsightly rings of perspiration have marred your blouse or frock; the disagreeable odour of perspiration has shattered the freshness of a few hours ago.

There is only one way to ensure all-day daintiness, and that is to remove the *cause* of excessive perspiration.

Profuse underarm perspiration is due to local irregularities of the sweat glands which physicians call hyperidrosis.

Odorono, a safe, antiseptic toilet water, has been formulated by a physician to correct this condition without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body. Over 3,000,000 women now use it in order to have complete freedom from the embarrassment of excessive perspiration. A dainty rose-coloured liquid, you simply pat it on to the underarm with the tips of the fingers or a piece of cotton wool. Two applications a week will keep your underarm always clean, dry and sweet.

You can get Odorono at all high-class chemists' and stores—sizes 1/6, 2/9 and 5/ .

ODO-RO-NO

for excessive perspiration

Send for sample—only 3d.

The ODORONO Company, Dept. E.4.
c/o Fassett & Johnson, Ltd.,
86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Enclosed is 3d. in stamps. Please send me sample of Odorono and your booklet, "A Frank Discussion of a subject every woman should understand."

Name .....

Address .....

EVE GOES SHOPPING—

continued from page 532

Admirably built and tailored is this double-breasted fawn cashmere raincoat. It owes its origin to that well-known firm J. C. Cording, 19, Piccadilly, W.

WATERPROOFS AND RAINCOATS

ALTHOUGH at the time of writing the sun is high in the heavens, there is no reason to suppose that when these words are read the rain may not be coming down in torrents. It is for this reason that portrayed on the left of this page is a practical raincoat, which owes its origin to that well-known firm, J. C. Cording & Co., 19, Piccadilly, W. It is of fine fawn wool cashmere and is available for £6. Should a single-breasted model be required the price is reduced to £4 17s. 6d. In the second quality cashmere in the plain Raglan style it would be 65s. It is pleasant news that there are Indiana waterproofs for 35s. in many fashionable shades, a fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that they weigh under 16 oz., so it will be readily understood that they may be worn over race frocks without the fear of crushing them. Thin silk crêpe capes are 85s.

BEACH AND BATHING FROCKS

SURELY no one would have the temerity to bathe in the fascinating frock pictured on the right; rather must it be worn on the beach. Selfridges, of Oxford Street, W., have expressed it in shot pink and silver taffetas, the fish being of silver leather, with cap to match. It is worn in alliance with a swimmer, and can be slipped off in the fraction of a second when the wearer wishes to battle with the waves. Very attractive is a jumper beach suit of white crêpe de chine, it is finished with a neat Peter Pan collar and cavalier cape, which terminates at the knees. The cami-bocker has invaded the territory of bathing, simple suits cut on these lines are expressed in black and white Milanese. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there are meridian swimmers for 5s. 11d., those of wool being 6s. 11d., cotton Milanese tunic and knickers are 27s. 6d. An attractive novelty are the rubber tunics seen in alliance with knickers; they are 59s. 6d. Among the novelties in the kingdom of capes are those of cretonne lined with white Terry towelling and the rubberised satin capes with wondrous flowers, fruit and birds appearing thereon.

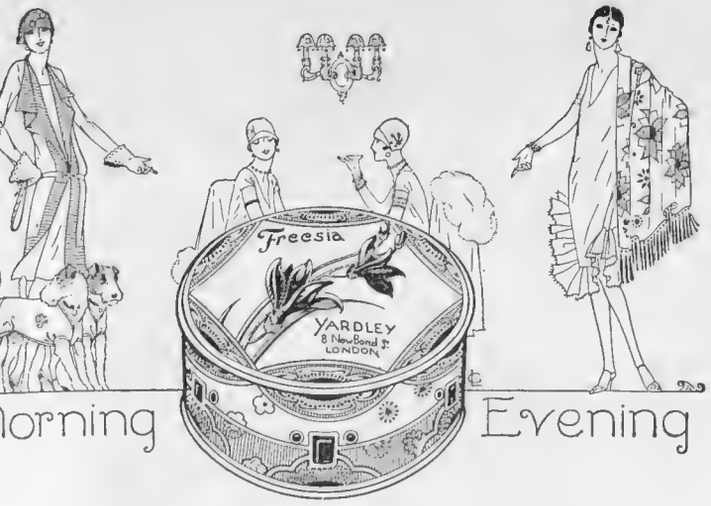
The weight of the felt hat on the left is negligible, and so is that of the roll up hemp-straw. They come from the salons of Woodrows, 46, Piccadilly, W.

Although called a bathing frock, it is really destined for the beach. Selfridge, Oxford Street, W., have fashioned it of shot pink and silver taffetas, trimming it with miniature frills and silver leather fish

HATS FOR COUNTRY WEAR

NEVER has there been a time when hats for country wear were chosen with more care and discretion. It is in millinery of this character that Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly, W., excel, and to them must be given the credit of the two hats seen in the centre of this page. The one at the top is made of unspottable fur felt with folded crown, and although it is trimmed with corded ribbon the cost is merely 35s. The model below is of hemp straw decorated with black velvet and is pleasantly priced at 21s.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that shady cream coloured wheaten straw hats are 29s. 6d. The brims are lined with summer weight black velvet while lightly resting against the crowns are smart butterfly ribbon bows. It must be related, too, that a feature is made of felt riding hats with the new short back for shingled hair for 35s.; they are provided with a soft silk head-lining. Then there are soft felt hats for riding for 25s.



Morning Evening

Afternoon

Throughout the day—after sport, shopping and during the evening's entertainment, retain the radiant charm of a perfect complexion by the use of

Yardley's
Freesia Face Powder

er Box 1/9 and 3/-. *Natural, Rachel, Rose, White and Suntan*

ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS AND STORES AND FROM

ARDLEY : 8 New Bond Street, LONDON

PARIS : 24 Avenue de l'Opéra

NEWEST PARIS STYLES IN BOND STREET

AT the Piccadilly end of Bond Street you will find the little Fanchon Shoe Shop. If you would see the latest Paris styles, look in the Fanchon window. Then come inside and try them on, and you will realise the extra smartness of these dainty shoes with the comfort-fitting short French vamps.

FE1677. . . . . 84/-
Java Lizardskin in a delicate shade of mastic made from skins selected for their beautiful marking

Fanchon Styles

FANCHON LTD., 30, OLD BOND STREET F6

Knit Modes of Distinction

FASHION knits many of her most effective Summer Costumes—sometimes in silk, sometimes in wool. Harrods offer a wide selection of smart models, styled in the newest manner.

'PAULA'—Box-pleats are the smart fashion-note of this scarf-collared Jumper Suit. Made of fine quality Artificial Milanese, in Apricot, Foxglove, Pea Green, Oakapple, Cornflower, Wedgwood White and Black. 79/6

'IDARE'—A chic Three-piece Suit, delightful for sports wear. The skirt is effectively striped in approved colourings and Jumper and Cardigan Jackets are in blending tones. 7½ gns.

Harrods LONDON

Salon for Knitted Wear—First Floor.

Harrods Ltd *London SW1*

MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE

"Presented by her Mother"

LAST week we thought of the debutantes of this month, and the sensible steps whereby they can "face the music" for the first time in the Throne Room, with the pleasing certainty of looking their best. But what of their mothers and elder sisters, at the big functions of the Season? They, too, need to give some thought for the occasion, surely.

Some preparatory steps hold good at all ages, obviously. The importance of securing as much rest beforehand as possible, for example, and the value of those few concentrated treatments, or perhaps just the one on the important day itself, when fate is kind in this direction, or which we have already thought. When, however, such good help does not enter into the scheme of things, there is a good bit we can do for ourselves, if we know how to set about it.

THE FATIGUE FIEND

Fatigue is one of the things to guard against, for nothing is more destructive of beauty. It affects the actual tissues and peripheral muscular system, too, as well as the deeper regions, so that, while we want to rest the actual body as much as possible, we must, too, when youth is receding, fight the demon of fatigue on the surface as well. These are busy days, and not infrequently a time of rush and worry has preceded a special function. There have been protracted visits to modistes, the wear and tear of multitudinous appointments, and many arrangements to be made for the night itself; and when it is a case of a debutante daughter, it often means more than duplication of effort.

The chief thing, therefore, is to find some procedure which will remove the traces of fatigue from the face itself. This, indeed, is what a large number of women need all through the London Season, and it is fortunate that a simple home treatment is easily carried out.

A SPECIAL TREATMENT

For this, a new anti-wrinkle cream has been introduced, which it is well worth while to know about. Into its composition enter the nutriment of fresh eggs—these are employed with wonderful effects in some of the latest treatments—and also the astringent qualities which will remove all traces of fatigue during the hour or so that rest can be taken before dressing for dinner or the important functions which I have rather in mind. First of all, the face must be perfectly clean, of course, and anyone who has read these articles regularly will realise how important it is that as long as possible should elapse between this cleansing process and the appearance *en grande tenue*. A cleansing cream is usually resorted to, and should be followed by the application of some good skin tonic. Then smooth gently over the face the special nutritive and astringent cream—if you are lucky enough to have it—after which, cut crescents of lint, soak them in an astringent lotion, after having first immersed them in cold water, and place them, two under the eyes, one on either side of the nose. You see the use of the crescent shape? And the size is easily gathered by realising where they will be placed. If the eyes show signs of strain in their lids and surroundings, it is best to make up one's mind to rest with them closed for half an hour or so, and to have little pads of lint, also soaked in a good tonic, to place over them when closed.

So far, the vulnerable points of the face will be under treatment, for it is under and around the eyes, and in the front parts of the cheeks, from nose to corner of mouth, that innumerable tiny lines, puckers, furrows and so on, make their unwelcome appearance.

Fashion interrupts the toilette

THE TIRED FACE

So far, so good. But that is not enough for the ageing, tired face, and it, too, wants the all-enveloping mask of tonic-soaked muslin which, as we saw last week, does such wonders in preparing the skin at all ages for the brilliance of ballroom or *salon*. For the older folk I have in mind, this is best made of cotton wool drawn out thin, with slits for the nostrils and mouth. After it is soaked, it should be gently pressed all over the face, so that it "fits" accurately into every crevice, especially around the nose, in the cleft of the chin, and under the eyes. And then, as a final measure, a strip of muslin or surgical bandage should be taken—three or four inches wide—placed under the chin, and tied right around the jaw, up on top of the head. The bandage will keep the edge of the cotton wool in place, and will do wonders, with the anti-wrinkle cream and tonic which have been applied to the skin, in restoring the contour of the face, for this occasion at any rate. Even when normally no tendency to this ageing loss of contour is present, it is always to be guarded against as a temporary effect of fatigue; so that this preparatory treatment is always advisable for anyone who is leaving youth behind.

Give, then, from twenty minutes to half an hour for the complete rest, with closed eyes under the enveloping mask, and the muscles taut and trim beneath their support. Then remove the cream with a pad of wool soaked in tonic, working it in little short upward strokes, and dry the face with soft muslin or tissue. And I can assure you that the result will surpass all anticipation.

THE FINAL TOUCH

All is straight-forward then, and resolves itself into the accustomed "titivating" of the skin. Normally, this means the application of the chosen foundation for powder, the touch, maybe, of colouring to the cheeks, and the final application of the favourite powder, after which the lips receive their need of attention, and when they, too, are aided by art, the lashes and eyebrows—otherwise, careful brushing with a tiny soft brush and the smoothing with a finger tip touched with pure oil, does all that is needed.

PAINTING THE LILY

Such additions as powder, etc., are of extreme importance nowadays, quite an art in themselves, and next week I shall have something to say about their latest developments.

X. Y. Z.

Kenneth Durward Ltd.

At the commencement of the forthcoming holiday season we have prepared an attractive range of

COATS & SKIRTS

READY TO WEAR
AT ONE PRICE ONLY

£8 : 8 : 0

These are cut in Durward's inimitable style on simple and fashionable lines, either single or double breasted, and are made in several shades of West of England Flannel, Scotch Tweed, Cheviots and Homespuns, and also in a lovely range of West of England Suitings.

Sizes 34 ins., 36 ins., 38 ins. Chest.

SUEDE SPORTS COATS
in all colours ready to wear or to order.

4½ Gns.

ULSTER HOUSE, 37, Conduit St., W. 1.

TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Carpets Cleaned

The Compressed Air Carpet-Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.

GLENTHORNE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH, W.6.

'Phone: RIVERSIDE 3364-5.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING — H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

ENGLISH PERFUMES

RED ROSE — MALMAISON
JASMINE — ENGLISH VIOLETS
SWEET PEA — MAUVE LILAC
ETC.

FLORIS
89, JERMYN STREET,
LONDON.

A naturally clear fine skin is lovelier than cosmetics or art can make it

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S TREATMENTS *normalize every function of the skin—supply every need of the tissues—so that the skin is vigorously healthy—lovely without need of artifice*

SO MANY WOMEN come to Elizabeth Arden for expert advice on make-up! And they are surprised when Elizabeth Arden says, "Make your cheeks *naturally* pink, your eyes *naturally* clear, make your *blood* help to purify and brighten your skin." That is the basis of Miss Arden's method.

This same scientific purpose is behind every step in the Elizabeth Arden Treatments for the skin. Miss Arden is never content to *conceal* blemishes. She will teach you how to *remove* them. How to cleanse the skin properly, to correct blackheads. How to restore the elastic vitality of muscles that have begun to go flabby. How to nourish a skin that is falling into wrinkles and furrows.

You can follow the Elizabeth Arden method with wonderful results at home, using the very same Preparations which form a part of the Treatments given in Miss Arden's Salon. If you would like Miss Arden's advice on the correct care of your skin, write her, describing its characteristics and faults. She will outline for you a complete course of home treatments.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S *Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere*

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Removes all impurities from the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. 4/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and clarifies the skin. 3/6

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. 4/6

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. 4/6

Venetian Muscle Oil. Restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. 4/6

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, refines the coarsest skin. 4/6

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, smooths the contour. 9/6

Poudre d'Illusion. Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *Minerva*, *White*—and *Banana*, a new shade. 12/6

Venetian June Geranium Soap. A big chubby cake, rosy pink, fragrant of rose geranium. 1/9 the cake, 10/- box of 6.

Savon Kenott. Tooth Paste, cleansing, refreshing remedial. In box or tube, 1/6.

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," *Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.*

ELIZABETH ARDEN

25 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta NEW YORK: 673 Fifth Avenue

Copyright to ELIZABETH ARDEN LTD.

MID-DAY MENUS FOR JUNE—*continued from page 530*

The kidneys are split nearly in half. The ham is minced, mixed with the seasoning and breadcrumbs and used for stuffing the kidneys.

Two teaspoonfuls of minced shallots are then cooked for two minutes in three ounces of butter or margarine; the kidneys are added and gently sautéd until they are done.

A very hot dish, of brown earthenware for choice, and containing four pieces of toast, receives the cooked kidneys, and is placed in a hot corner while the contents of a small bottle of tomato catsup is added to the gravy in the pan, and followed, after a good stirring, by a small wineglassful of sherry. This sauce must be very hot, and should not be poured round the kidneys until the last minute before they leave the kitchen with their escort of maître d'hôtel potatoes and very green peas.

The mere thought of kidneys raises the eyebrows of some otherwise placid persons to an alarming degree; but in this case you can substitute grilled chicken for the sautéd kidneys; use a similar sauce, with the addition of half a pound of mushrooms, and let the dish appear in company with the same vegetables.

Only a small quantity of the original contents of the grape fruit cups is allowed to form part of the sweet course; but you may add a little grape fruit juice and a suspicion of liqueur to the usual syrup for a macédoine of fruits, and be as generous as you please with the strawberries, bananas and grapes.

The second menu is supposed to open with an omelet, but omelets know only two extremes, triumph or tragedy; and unless your cook can be trusted to achieve the first, and will refrain from pouring the eggs into the seasoned pan until your guests are busy with their mixed vermouth or cocktails, it will be wiser to order one of the many delicious varieties of œufs en cocottes instead.

A mayonnaise of halibut is welcome at a time when many of us have become weary of the sight of salmon.

The secret of success is to cook the halibut in a court bouillon and allow the fish to cool peacefully in the liquor in which it was cooked.

The choice of a salad may be allowed to depend to a certain extent upon the choice of flowers.

If your table is graced with mauvy-pink and crimson wallflowers or rosy tulips, a Japanese salad of rice, diced beetroot, radish cups filled with minced spring onions (for those who dare) and a good French dressing, would be pleasant to see as well as to taste.

When the centre of the table glows with cowslips or marigolds, or reflects the pale petals of the cherry, you may line a bowl of blue or green or topaz glass with lettuce leaves, and pile new potatoes, flageolets or peas in the centre, with a powdering of egg yolk to gild the whole.

For the sweet you will need a pint of green gooseberries, washed and stalked and cooked and sieved.

You will also need an ounce of butter and an ounce of sugar, beaten together till they are white creamy and mixed with a beaten egg.

One ounce of sifted flour and a gill of tepid milk added to these beaten ingredients will produce a mixture which is to be baked in buttered saucers or large patty pans for twelve minutes, and turned out on to generously sugared paper.

One of the cakes is then placed on a very hot dish, and covered with, first, a tablespoonful of gooseberry purée and then another cake, then more purée and so on until the cakes and the purée are at an end. A further sprinkling of sugar and two minutes spent in the oven will make the sweet ready for the dining-room.

It is not really necessary to send in a jugful of cream at the same time, but it is true that gooseberries and cream usually appear at their best in each other's society.

If either of these luncheons seem rather short for the occasion on which it is to be served the matter can be easily adjusted. In the case of the first, by the addition of a soup, preferably cream of cucumber. In the case of the second, by having a variety of hors d'œuvres before the omelet.

Both menus should be within the powers of a reasonably good cook.

In number one, the asparagus, the sauce and the sweet can all be placed in the refrigerator long before she needs to be busy with the kidneys and their accompanying vegetables.

In number two, the fish will be cooked first thing in the morning, the sauce made, and the salad ingredients prepared and waiting for their final dressing some time before the omelet needs attention; and as the gooseberry purée can be made the day before, there will be plenty of time to finish the sweet and attend to the coffee while the halibut is in the dining-room.

POTTERS OF TO-DAY—*continued from page 491*

and red cotton handkerchief, is supported by a grinning sheepdog. A potter who specialises in animals is Miss Stella Crofts. Her groups of horses and donkeys, giraffes, zebras and elephants are well known.

A very different type of pottery is that created by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Norton. Possessing all the bold, clean beauty of sculpture, these figures express the deepest spirit of rhythm, harmony, repose, yet they are, at the same time, pregnant with all the vigour and glory of life. Regard the group entitled "Maternal Love"; when before in the present century has maternity been portrayed with greater power and more perfect understanding and vision?

Right at the other end of the scale come the dainty miniatures of Madeline Raper. Fretted by fairy fingers, her minute gardens and market scenes must surely have been made to delight Titania. Only an inch-high goblin would be able to buy a bunch of carrots at her market stalls, or feel at home in one of her tiny porcelain houses. Every detail in her garden scenes is perfect; it is difficult to understand how a mortal, modern woman comes to achieve such diminutive fantasies—and in clay!

Statuettes and groups of figures are not the only works produced by the artist potters; exquisite in colour and shape are many of the bowls and jars created by Mrs. Charles Vyse, Miss Fox-Strangways, W. S. Murray, Charles Norton, and others.

CREWE TRAIN—*continued from page 505*

Denham was beginning to enjoy the evening. It was exhilarating talking like a real person at a party, looking like the others, and dri claret-cup. She liked this young man, though he was rather a strain. difficult things well is gratifying, and she was succeeding, anyhow, in ducting a perfectly rational and ordinary polite conversation with son at a party.

The Grand Llama began to chant aloud. He seemed to be utter blessing.

"Aren't they wonderful?" people said, pleased. Some of them th that it would be very nice to visit Thibet and he asked to parties there given presents and admired. Others opined that this was not what happ to you if you visited Thibet.

Humphrey thought what a lot of idiots they were, all gath together like this. How pleased his mother and the rest were that they thought of the Llamas before anyone else did. What a hollow business life and, indeed, all life was. Yet he talked away to his friends as if life not hollow but solid, and led about a young Italian literary friend of his introduced him to English literary people, and talked very cleverly music to a Polish musician, and about radium to a Hungarian scientist was generally intelligent, as if the bodies of women did not for ever tr and undo the souls of men, and as if life were a rational and logical bus after all.

Catherine dashed brightly from friend to friend, like a bee from flow flower, full of spirit, politics and joy. She laughed at the Llamas, for she la at everything and everyone, and, too, she did not understand about re and clergymen. She and her Liberal friends made little Liberal groups the room; they made you feel as if to be a Liberal was great fun, and as if a Liberal might be Prime Minister some day. And *then* he'd show the w Tories were fatheads, and Socialists were muddle-headed fools; to Lit the sceptre had been given. Catherine was attractive; she carried politics lightly, as a joke, yet ardently, like a sword. She was a *chic* stocking, a political wife who was yet independent and not her husb chorus; indeed, it was far more likely that he would be hers. She en her mother's party, though she found at it too many non-politicals, a cessive number of idle women, second-rate literary persons of both and people who, for one reason or another, did not count. Catherine people to count. In her view, people ought either to count or to stay in own homes. Of course, there were plenty of ways of counting. You count by merely being a personable and brilliant member of scoiety, standing in the Liberal interest for some constituency, even if you fail prevail on anyone to vote for you. But, if you did not count som Catherine had nothing to say to you. In her opinion her cousin Denha not count, and should have stayed in Andorra, where it perhaps matte if you count or not. But once or twice this evening Catherine's darting g lit for a moment on her cousin, and she wondered whether some day it m be possible to revise one's opinion of her. For Denham seemed to absorbed and held the attention of Arnold Chapel (who did, after all, or not, count a little, for he was a rising young publisher) for quite a long Odd, Catherine had time to think, if the stupid, gauche, silent Denham sh prove to have the faculty of attracting men. . . . It was certainly one Denham, the way Arnold Chapel stayed at her side. For he knew ever and could have no trouble in finding someone to leave her for, which is difficulty at those parties at which one knows few.

(*To be continued.*)

MEANDER IN PARIS—*continued from page 515*

of the dress with too much fullness about the hips since there are so few w who can wear heavy draperies gracefully. On the other hand many w would look better if they wore a little more fullness in the skirts. The serious reason against full skirts from the economy point of view is the of material. I went in to see that very attractive woman Mme. Champ munal who has set up as a dressmaker in the most charming house, and looking at her lovely frocks, made in the most fascinating materials and co I was told what the price of some new silks were: Frs. 500 the metre i please! Imagine what a full skirted dress of silk at that price would It looks, too, as if colour and texture were to be the most important p in dress for the coming summer and the autumn. I have never seen lovely silks, crêpes, and mixtures of silk and wool. Women who know to blend colours and can appreciate the value of textures are decor factors which count considerably in these grey climes of ours. Indeed, feels a certain grudge against those women who go on wearing black, navy brown, and all dull colours unless they enliven them with some bright ming. We want sunshine and colour and all things which lift the s from gloom, since it is by keeping a merry heart only that one pulls r hard corners; and both in France and England we are doing that just now

THE REACTION—*continued from page 520*

Was I going to fall? Terror seized me. I tried to cry out, and snatched my hands: they caught something hard and reassuring—the arms of a ch my own chair!

The cry broke from my lips in a small moaning lu-lu-lu. I opene eyes and sat up. . . .

The fire was more frolicsome than ever—some merry little flames carrying on at such a rate that you would almost have said they laughing. The brown sock with its dangling end of worsted lay on my From the mantelpiece looked down on me Ella Bosanquet's latest p graph. I had received it, as I remembered suddenly, that very morning

There was a generous amount of Ella: and a wisp of gossamer. material was—well, I hardly know what it was—such stuff as dream made of.

But apparently not *my* dreams!

Dye Ken

John Haig?

Scotch Whisky

The Oldest Distillers in the World.

JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD.,
Scotch Whisky Distillers, Markinch.

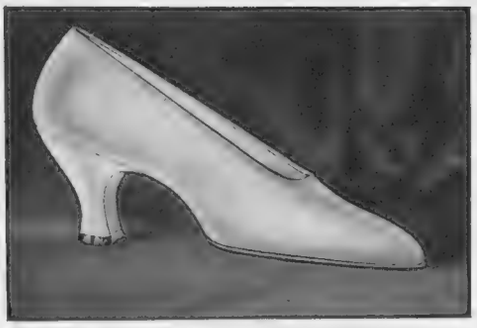
Shoes for Ascot

83×47. An attractive Sandal Bar model in White Buck, piped with Black Patent. Smart medium toe, and new Spanish Cuban heel.

35/6

83×10. A fine example of the fashionable Court Shoe in White Buck. Smart toe. Pump sole. Louis XV heel. ***In B and C fittings.*** *Hand made throughout.* 45/6

Also similar model 25/6



WRITE FOR FOLDERS E.6 OF WHITE SPORTS AND FASHION SHOES.

Post free on request

We pay all C.O.D. charges on orders of 20/- and over.

Lilley & Skinner Ltd
The Fashion Shoe Shop
358-360 Oxford Street, W.1.
opposite Bond Street Tube

Phone : Mayfair 0756 (4 lines)

100% British

In pursuance of its policy to buy British goods, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Limited, has contracted through its subsidiary, The British Tanker Co., Ltd., for seven new oil carrying Tankers to be built in British shipyards. Six of these vessels are of over 10,000 tons and the other of 6,100 tons deadweight.

This will bring the total of the tanker fleet up to 68 ships with a carrying capacity of over 600,000 tons.

All these Tankers, which are exclusively employed in transporting "B P," the British Petrol, and other products of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd., have been built throughout in British shipyards.

Buy British Goods. Use "B P," the British Petrol, and you are sure of getting a high quality British product, the refining and distribution of which provide constant employment for 20,000 British workers.

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

EVE GOES FISHING—*continued from page* 497

millionaires at Deauville, where the weather is so uncertain that everyone takes their sunburn with them in a powder-box—go to the Lido.

Lady Wimborne is one of those participating in the Baroness D'Erlanger's pageant ball, who is taking a palace in Venice. She photographs badly, but is actually very interesting looking. Her features have something of the delicacy and subtlety of some Renaissance faces and she should look rather wonderful in a Venetian costume.

Another interesting personality who will be there is Lady Abdy. She is a Russian and has a bold, fair, northern beauty of her own, and is raved about by her own particular set now. I saw her one night in Paris at Whitsun at " Les Acacias," where Maurice, the dancer whose emotional disturbances have more *réclame* than any other's, dances with his blond, blond, blond (and even a fourth blond would not be overdoing it !) and souple young wife Eleonora. Lady Abdy was wearing a pale yellow-green velvet jumper evening dress and quantities of pearls. She wears her fair hair in the "head-phone" fashion over her ears, and short at the back. The night before she had taken an active part in the riot at the Russian Ballet which was said to be fiercer and more partisan than the simultaneous boxing match when the Frenchman knocked out the German !

Another participant in the superb spectacular pageant which is to represent the history of Venice—and what city in the world could supply such a wealth of sumptuous disguise, drama and romance ?—is the lady who was, before her marriage to Ralph Peto, Ruby Lindsay. I believe that since their divorce she has reverted to her unmarried name, which is understandable, but rather confusing.

DOGGY WORLD—*continued from page* 499

existence) is proved by very ancient rock carvings, within caves of Balkh, of dogs exactly like the Barakhay hound of to-day. On some of these carvings are inscriptions of much later date, that were written by invaders under Alexander the Great."

(3) " One alone killed a leopard. The Bitches being kept in seclusion by the women (as carefully guarded as mares are in Arabia) are very shy. They hunt in couples, Bitch and Dog. The Bitch attacks the hinder parts and the Dog the throat."

Isolated specimens of this breed have appeared at shows in this country for many years, but it is only recently that the breed has been given separate classification on the list of the Kennel Club ; and the first Challenge Certificates were offered at Cruft's Show last February, when the largest entry ever received (31) was benched.

Mr. Croxton Smith was the judge.

Our illustrations represent a few of Miss Denyer's prize-winners.

" Taj Mahip of Kaf " has been fearlessly shown under every judge, and has never been defeated since he attained maturity. He is a big upstanding hound golden yellow in colour, strong and powerful in build, with a good, useful, and punishing jaw. He has already won fourteen Firsts and the Challenge Certificate at Cruft's Show last February.

" Batman of Kaf," of whom we publish a beautiful head study, has only been shown once as a puppy, at the Metropolitan and Essex Show last November. He took First under Mr. Alcock. He possesses a perfect head; but requires time to make up in body.

" Tulsi," seen in the group, is litter sister to " Taj Mahip," and usually takes second to him in mixed classes, but won a First in her own class at the Kensington Canine Society's Show last April. She is a big upstanding bi ch, very hard to fault, with a perfect outline and graceful carriage. Almost white in colour. " Sonee," also in the group, is an exquisite bitch, impossible to fault on the score of quality, but a shade small for show purposes. She has, however, proved a most valuable brood bitch, passing on her quality but not her small size.

" Bagheira " and " Yusuf of Kaf " are two unshown puppies by " Potentate " *ex* " Tulsie." A litter brother has just sailed for South Africa, where he will be the first representative of the breed. Another brother, " Dathan of Kaf," is for sale. He is as good as the others in the litter ; but Miss Denyer has selected them to keep simply because she is anxious to exhibit a team of four black faces. There is a wonderful litter, born last February, by " Taj Mahip," of which one remarkable dog is for sale, also a cream brother, beautiful but not quite so heavy in bone. Applications for these should be made at once as they are certain to be quickly snapped up.

Miss Denyer is amongst our most sporting exhibitors, and is always ready to help the novice with advice, and to start them well with really good specimens from her famous strain. She is most generous, too, in guaranteeing classes at shows under any and every judge, and does her best in every way to advance the interests of the breed she loves so well.

HOME HOUSE—*continued from page* 517

chimneypiece of white marble bears the arms of the Countess of Home. In this more intimate room a simple but highly effective treatment is employed, the colouring is in shades of green, and the paintings in the panels, which like all the painted panels in the house are by Angelica Kauffmann, represent scientists or subjects connected with science. It is known as " The Men of Science Room."

Ascending the fine staircase we find that it terminates, as Adam staircases usually do, on the first floor, where four large rooms open out of the circular landing. The ante-room overlooking Portman Square is now a charming sitting-room with painted walls of pale green and a delicately designed ceiling ; also two beautiful doors which, like the other woodwork, are painted in cream and gold. Extending across the remainder of the front elevation is the great drawing-room. In size and lavishness of decoration it is the most notable of all the rooms except the ballroom. The decorations in low relief are in gold on a background of palest eau-de-Nil ; ivory and gold pilasters in wide couples form a unique wall treatment ; and overhead the glorious ceiling is an elaborate composition in gold and rose and ivory with oval painted panels. Large crystal chandeliers accentuate the fine proportions of the room. The two alcoves framing the doorways on the inner wall are features of great beauty, and it is interesting to know that on window side there were originally three apsidal niches with similar decorat containing small windows, which must have been highly effective, but were cut away and replaced by the present long windows.

In one of these alcoves a doorway opens into the ball-room, prec by a wide vestibule with columns at one end ; in this remarkable apart Adam's genius has indeed found full expression. The ceiling is the f of them all ; rarely beautiful, too, is the treatment of the doorways over-door panels ; the doors themselves are in mahogany inlaid with diff kinds of wood. The chimneypiece of white marble, decorated in jade gold with painted plaques by Leone, is one of the loveliest ever desi by Adam ; unfortunately the original mirror is lacking. All the m designs were elaborate and interesting, but nothing is known of their Beyond the ballroom a tiny circular ante-room, hung in brocade and mounted by a frieze in white and gold, leads into " the Countess of Ho Etruscan room." Many features of the original decorations have disappe and all that suggests the " Etruscan " is confined to the marble mantel i in red and brown and black. To-day this is a lovely bedroom with pa parchment coloured walls ; the doors and all woodwork are in cream gold and the original stucco decorations, where they remain, are ca out in gold on a light blue background—the whole surmounted by a chara istic ceiling. Possibly this may have been designed for a third drawing- and is the last of the fine reception-rooms of this remarkable house.

WOMEN OF THE DAY—*continued from page* 489

Anyone who has been to an election meeting or who has taken mer listening part will know what the strain of this can be. And Lady V went about from pillar to post speaking every week of her life—for a and a cause round which every fibre of her brain and heart was bo When this was ended she was sent by the Women's National Liberal Fe tion to report on conditions in Ireland during the Black-and-Tan *régime* also went on her own initiative to the Ruhr during the French occupa and spoke and wrote about it.

Lady Violet was then offered the Presidency of the Women's Nat Liberal Federation, which she accepted and held from 1923 to 1925. people thought that she would go into Parliament and many pressed h do so ; it may have been her love for her children, which for her has a tical and practising meaning, that prevented her from entering up political career, or it may be that, in spite of her important work o Women's National Liberal Federation, she is what is technically kno anti-feminist. I should think her sympathies would be with women s not collectively. This impression may be partly because I have always self felt very strongly that women bound together in groups are bad agit Men shout—women scream ; shouting may be inspiring—screaming is al intolerable. When women are quiet it generally means that they are b women do not make good clubmen, and what is the schoolgirl compar the schoolboy ? I know that in saying this I offend many women, pa larly the clever ones and those who are exceptions to this rule, but one speak according to one's belief or for ever hold one's tongue in one's ch

By the courtesy of the Secretary of the Women's National Liberal Fe tion I have learnt that Lady Violet and Mrs. Wintringham share the h of being the most prominent Liberal women, that Lady Violet's gifts given inspiration to many of its organisers and that she is at present much time to the study of Family Endowment. She is also an outsta figure in the National Liberal Federation and is the only woman on a S Committee of five which directs the organisation of the party as a who

EVE AT GOLF—*continued from page* 524

handicap events, but also that nobody got under eighty scratch all the feeling which some people have that 77 is not so severe a par as Worplesdon at 78. The course was playing beautifully, with enough on the greens to make putting easy, if you were brave in hitting the firmly, but 81 was the lowest figure, that seeing a tie between Miss Gor Mrs. Lodge and Miss Helme. Miss Compton won the scratch prize i junior division.

FRANCE, IRELAND AND BROCTON

Half a loaf is not better than no bread when it comes to comme on a championship, so the brave doings at St. Germain and New must wait till next week, when the French and Irish events wi completed.

In the meantime Brocton Hall provides quite sufficient text for the of this page, and even then there will still remain the open mixed four tournament which is to finish the week there. Brocton is essentially a c which it is pleasant to re-visit, not only because of its charming sc and the delightful atmosphere of welcome and faultless organisation Mr. and Mrs. Beard give to the proceedings, but also because the c offers every opportunity for shots which you live in hopes of doing a better next time. You may not fulfil that expectation, but it is there some day, if only in dreams, you will get fours at all those holes where is really quite sufficiently good in a medal round, including the 16th, you will learn to disdain the brook which winds its sinuous way beside thes shot. Not to mention other first-class holes of the four or three ve which one always hopes to conquer more completely next visit.

On the first day it was Miss Dobson, captain of the club, who did th querying against all comers, not only winning the scratch with a reall cellent 81, but heading the handicap list of the first division as well wi which is par. She refused to be downcast at a truly depressing start came home finely in a par 38. Bronze Division honours went to Miss N with 105–30=75, and foursomes to a great 2 up from little Miss Kitty and Mrs. Byrd.

On the second day Miss Dobson was still well to the fore, though she d play nearly so well, returning the second scratch score with 84, first to Miss Helme with 79. Miss Liddle won the silver handicap with 93–18 and Miss N. Beard, an even younger player than Miss K. Beard, was s with 77. The Bronze Division winner was Miss Sheppard 111–36=75. Jupp second six strokes behind.

Mixed foursomes against bogey were won by Mrs. Byrd and Mr. S second all square.

Urgent attention please ! The Associations Field Day is postponed June 24 to Nov. 11.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Knitted Coats
of
Exclusive Design

Knitted Wrap Coat (*as sketch*) made from super quality light weight wool, with original all-over fancy pattern of artificial silk in soft contrasting colours. The collar, cuffs and border are of sheared wool. Good range of artistic colours, also white.

PRICE

8½ gns.

Large selection of wrap coats, capes, etc., in stock.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

MOSS BROS & Co LTD

Naval, Military and General Outfitters.

Ladies'
RIDING HABITS
(Breeches a speciality)
6 to 10 Gns

RIDING BOOTS

Also a large selection of
LADIES' DRESSING CASES
(fitted or otherwise)
LEATHER BAGS, TRUNKS,
SADDLERY
Etc.

ONLY ADDRESS:

Corner of KING ST and Bedford St
COVENT-GARDEN
LONDON - - - - - - W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 3750 (3 lines). *Wires:* "Parsee, Rand, London."

Orders despatched C.O.D. without any extra charges.

NOTE. — WE HAVE BRANCH ESTABLISHM[illegible]don SW 1

Jottings of Eve

"Who that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell"

IT is a well-known fact that when a rose dies its petals do not lose their fragrance, but rather their scent is strengthened. The name "Ashes of Roses" therefore suggests the delightful perfume that remains when the rose has faded. Bourjois, the well-known Parisian perfumers, are responsible for "Ashes of Roses" perfume and toilet preparations, and they have been well repaid for their untiring efforts to produce this delightful perfume by its popularity in London, Paris and New York, which is a sure proof of its merit.

A COMPLETE SERIES OF TOILET PREPARATIONS

"ASHES OF ROSES" perfume is sold at 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., while samples are obtainable for 1s. Then there is face powder in all the newest shades for 3s. a box. Compact powder in six colours with a dainty puff for 1s. 9d., talcum powder in a glass bottle with sprinkler 2s. 6d., also toilet soap, vanishing cream, bath dusting powder, bath crystals, lip stick and cachous—in fact, everything that Eve requires for her toilet table. All these preparations are imbued with the same delightful fragrance, and are obtainable from all chemists, stores and perfumers of prestige. Samples of "Ashes of Roses" perfume and powder may be obtained from A. Boujois et Cie, 4, Water Lane, E.C.4, on receipt of a postal order for 1s. 6d.

PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CHOC

ALL who are familiar with chocolates never grow of singing their praises, as t perfectly delicious. It is m be regretted that it is impos convey the subtle fascinatio flavourings. They are in co harmony with the chocolate ings. There are many va personally I think I prefe known by the name of the D of York—it is an entirel variety, and is in 4s. and boxes, the former contai pound and the latter half a Then there are the Gaiety a Bedford—both delicious. boxes are remarkably artist as a consequence they mak welcome gifts.

AN IMPORTANT CENTENA

JUNE 1, 1926, was the hun anniversary of the bi Carl Bechstein, the great craftsman who gave his n the world for a standard o lence in piano-making. Fr early days of Bechstein's ca pianos found a ready welc Britain. They were introd 1862 at the great International Exhibition, and in 1889 the stein showrooms in Wigmore Street were opened. In 19 Bechstein Company re-opened an impressive suite of showro Bechstein House, in South Molton Street, Bond Street, ar have found that the demand for "Bechstein's" is unabated.

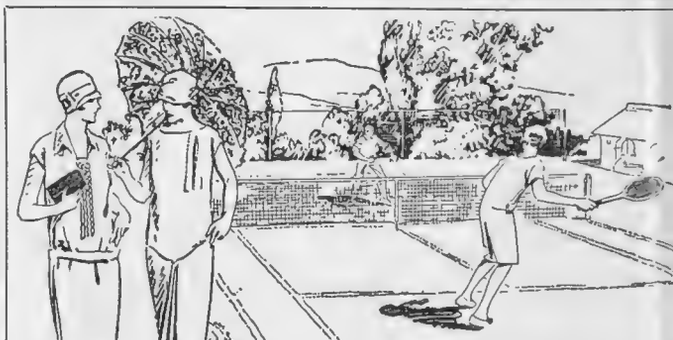
BY APPOINTMENT

White all through-

Cerebos SALT

Supplied to the House of Lords.

CS 29



"I see you are wearing the 'Len-G walking shoe."

"Of course. I wore the 'Len-G for tennis and they were so comfor that I've taken them for all wear. them and you will never wear any ot They are as smart as they are com able."

THE PENTAGON
"LEN-GLEN"
SHOES FOR TENNIS AND PROMENADE.

Light, Smart, Flexible, Resilien

Evolved after many years' study and trial, they represent highest art of the shoemaker. No nails to work through the specially prepared insole eliminates all risk of discoloration the hose. No seams to cause blisters. Ideal for sport and promena

Supplied by all high-class retailers and sports outfitters. If your local stores do not stock, write for the nearest retail distributor to—
E. Penton & Son, 1-3, Mortimer St., London, W.1. Northampton and Norwich.

TENNIS PROMEN

PETER ROBINSON

DAINTY & INEXPENSIVE LINGERIE

683.

A Catalogue of Summer Fashions will be sent on request

687.
Nightgown of white French Lawn, trimmed with Filet Lace and embroidered, entirely hand-made.

18/9

Knickers and Chemise to match

11/9

each garment.

Cap of Crêpe de Chine and Lace

12/9

683.
Nightgown of white French Lawn, trimmed with Valenciennes Lace, and entirely hand-made.

12/9

Cap **12/9**

685.
Cami-knickers of white French Cambric, trimmed with hand-drawn thread work and embroidered.

8/11

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST. W.1

'In the Swim'

with Bathing Wear from Harrods

SMARTLY sensible are the Season's Bathing Modes—trim two-piece suits, effective caps, gay rubber shoes. Harrods offer a wide assortment of correct, attractive styles.

Artificial Silk Bathing Suit, with skirt attached. In Gold, Saxe, Navy, Red, Royal, Green and Black. (LO 111) **29/6**

Heavy All-Wool Bathing Suit, regulation style with skirt attached. In Green, Orange, Red, and Navy. (LO 108) **25/6**

Rubber Caps in popular colours and various shapes. (LO 112) **1/11**

Gay Bathing Caps, prettily styled in effective colour combinations. (LO 109) **2/11**

Rubber Bathing Shoes, in various styles and shades. **4/11**

Harrods LONDON

Ladies' Outfitting Salon—First Floor.

Harrods Ltd *London SW 1*

A 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester six-seater touring car recently shipped to Madras. Between the patent folding occasional seats is fitted a useful open cabinet and the loose side curtains are stowed away behind the back seat squab. The windscreens are Triplex and the car has the Lanchester patent four-wheel brakes

EVE AND HER CAR

UNDERSTAND your car is a good maxim, but how many motorists really have more than the most casual acquaintance with the mechanical details of the car they own, or are really capable of looking after it properly? The fact is that the modern motor-car is such a reliable mechanism and the service departments of the larger firms in the trade are so efficient that it seems almost unnecessary for the busy person, man or woman, to know much about the details which make the wheels go round. I quite agree that one may motor for thousands of miles without the necessity to draw on one's knowledge save, possibly, to change a wheel or to clear a choked carburettor jet. Still, all knowledge is a good thing, unless it is of that variety which is said to be dangerous, but in this case of the motor-car it is not everybody who knows where to obtain it and how. There are schools of motoring, many of them good and some not so good. At one time were many more of them and most of them were of the type well termed b where they took your money for a course of lessons, so-called, given by body who knew next to nothing of his subject, on the technicalities of m ing, followed by one or two driving lessons on an obsolete old rattletra car. At the end of the course you probably knew less about the subject before you started. Fortunately, and thanks mainly to the R.A.C., bogus schools have been stamped out and now one is reasonably safe in to any of the advertised schools of motoring. It is well worth while fo novice to take such a course of instruction as he or she can get in any of th

Talking about schools of instruction, I happened into Messrs. Stewa Ardern's new place in Bond Street the other day, where they sell fifty M cars a day. This very much alive firm has started a school of instructi its own, where every Morris owner can receive, free of charge, a com course of lessons given by lecturers who really know their job. I listene nearly an hour to the lecturer who was talking about the electrical s of the car and found it all really interesting. There must have been pupils present, most of them women, and they all followed the lecture rapt attention. The whole subject of motoring is covered by these le from the mechanism if the car to the rules of safety first. When the room course is completed, the pupil is, if he or she wishes, given a fu course of driving instruction in a car fitted with dual controls, after whic elementary education is supposed to be finished. The scheme is a excellent one and successful withal, since over eight hundred Morris ow have already taken advantage of it.

I am not at all surprised that the papers have at last awakened to the that racing at Brooklands is stale, flat and unprofitable from the poi view of the spectator. Perhaps some of the criticisms which have appe will have the effect of waking up the executive to do something towards ma the place interesting. It must be admitted that the authorities a against the fact that the track is all wrong in the required direction. T is only one place for the grandstands and that is beside what is kno the railway straight. If the stand which the Junior Car Club caused erected at the fork had been placed as I suggest and all races started finished opposite, motor racing would soon become a popular spec Why this has never been done I am at a loss to understand, except th would cost a certain amount of money. Brooklands, however, has g face the facts if it wants to attract the public.

While on the subject of racing, I see that the Sunbeam Company is build giant car, with two 400 h.p. engines, for the purpose of lowering the ex world's speed records, now held by Mr. J. G. P. Thomas. This ne ought to be able to exceed 200 miles an hour, and undoubtedly will something breaks! It is to be driven by Major Segrave, who, I hear, in to go for the mile and kilometre records either at Pendine or Southport b very long. I am still left wondering what good end is served by these r speeds, made by cars driven by colossal aircraft engines. It is a m of mathematical and mechanical certainty that if you can pile brute into a car it must travel at high speeds. The demonstration of that cert

(*Continued on page 5*

Miss PEGGY O'NEIL writes:

"I find my Clyno an absolute treasure. It's just fine."

The New 13 h.p 4-Seater
(as illustrated)

£260

CLYNO CARS

THE CLYNO ENG. CO. (1922), LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON.

Miss Peggy O'Neil & her new Clyno.

EVERYONE who drives a Clyno is every bit as enthusiastic about the car as is Miss Peggy O'Neil.

For the Clyno combines economical upkeep with ample power, absolute ease of control, perfect suspension and an appearance of individuality.

London Showrooms and Export Dept.:
ROOTES Ltd., 141, New Bond Street, W.1.
Rootes Service Works:
Lodge Place, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8
Manchester: LOOKERS Ltd.

C.C.

WHY NOT A CADOGAN

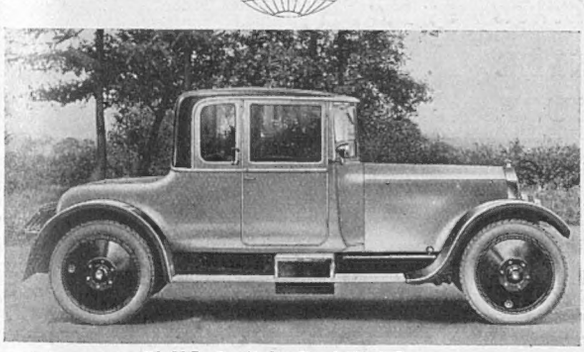
There's one for every make of Car

CADOGAN
MOTORS LTD.
BUILDERS OF BETTER BODIES
DILKE ST. CHELSEA, S.W.3.
KEN 7063

Solosigns

LANCHESTER

PRE-EMINENT AMONG THE WORLD'S FINEST CARS



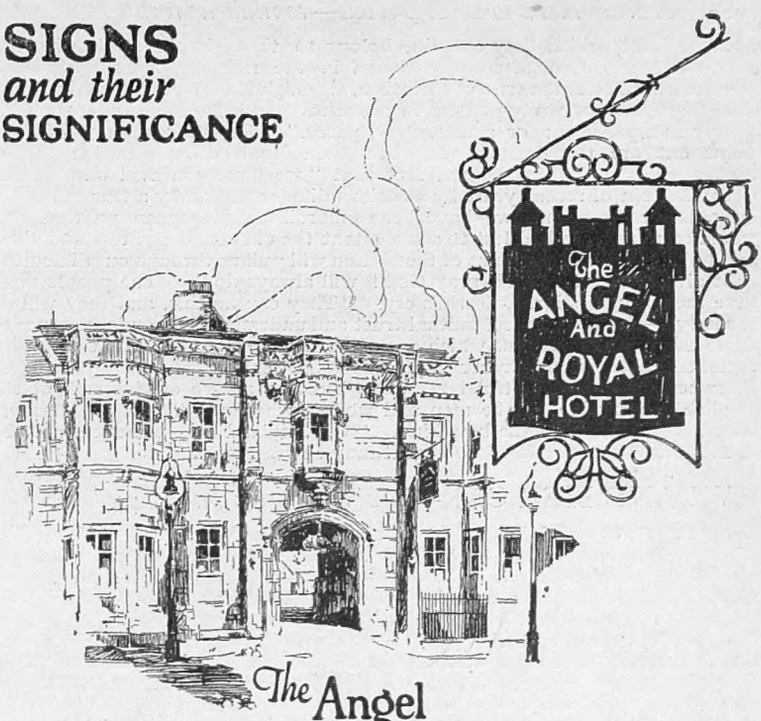
21 H.P. 6-cylinder Fixed Head Coupé.

A TRIAL run in a Lanchester "Twenty-One" will convince you that there is no other quite like it. The smooth unfaltering acceleration holds definite charm and there is er joy in the lightness of ring. The flexibility of the powerful but silent running engine is surprising, and combined with Lanchester Patent Four-Wheel Brakes, enables high speeds to be maintained with safety. We shall be pleased to arrange a run at your convenience. Will you make an appointment?

Lanchester Cars

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,
nourer Mills, rmingham.
95, New Bond Street, London, W.
88, Deansgate, Manchester.

SIGNS *and their* SIGNIFICANCE



The Angel GRANTHAM

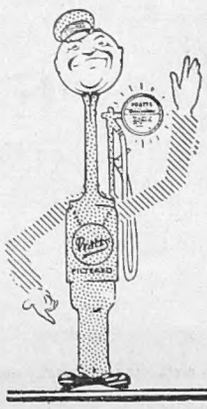
How little has changed, and yet how much! at the Angel since 1485, when, beneath the sightless eyes of the sign of the Angel, an event of some historical importance was staged.

For here at this Maison du Roi on the night of the 19th of October, 1485, Richard the Third signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham. It was here, too, that the Knights Templars entertained royal and other distinguished guests, and pack trains rested on their journey to York, sore tired with the trial and gloom of the North Road.

As in days of yore, the Angel is still famous for its hospitality, its sign still flaunts its message of a welcome within.

A Famous Sign of To-day

is that of Pratts Spirit displayed by Garages on high road and by-road, assuring the modern traveller that here Pratts, the original guaranteed spirit, can be obtained. The signs may vary in size and shape, but the spirit is always the same, powerful and reliable, of uniform high quality and economical.



PRATTS

Uniform everywhere
Reliable always

Applications are invited from famous hostelries for inclusion in this series.

D.A 731

TALKING ABOUT BOOKS—*continued from page 508*

and the ideals which they contain, belong to that simple, straightforward love of nature, pride of country, belief in the real greatness of mankind in general, which is the truest patriotism, although it requires no flag-wagging, nor Jingoism, nor party-politics to prove it. Indeed, these addresses are purely non-political; or rather, non-"party." The dangers some of them point out are the dangers which threaten England as a nation. Chief among them he cites the sad fact that "we have confused ourselves in Great Britain of recent years by a curious diffidence, and by a fear of relying on ourselves." Since we have been embroiled in European politics, "it would seem as if we had lost to some extent the old confidence to stand alone and to believe that the genius of the Nation will pull us through our difficulties as it always has done and, pray God! will always do." The people must save themselves, is Mr. Baldwin's cry. "They can do this, and they will do it surely!—by self-reliance, mutual trust and understanding, and resistance to those easy violent passions which can so quickly be stimulated by the tawdry arguments of the stump-orator playing upon the weakness of mob psychology." Elsewhere in this delightful book there breathes a love of England, of the English countryside, of the men and women who keep the nation "sane," which is patriotism of the best kind. "On, England" should eventually be re-issued in a cheaper form, so that it may be read by all.

EVE AND HER CAR—*continued from page 544*

takes us no further along any useful road, so far as I can see. On the other hand, the records made at Southport by Major Segrave a short while since were of surpassing interest, because they were made by the aid of a tiny engine which was the last spoken word in efficiency. They marked material advance and were thus useful. The others lead us nowhere in particular.

If you are using balloon tyres, do look after your pressures. I am constantly hearing of trouble with these tyres and complaints are made to me that they do not cover the mileage we used to get with the high pressure tyres of yesterday. Almost invariably I find that the troubles originate through the tyres being run under-inflated. It is not so easy to judge by the eye whether a balloon tyre is "up" as it is in the case of the high-pressure type. Make it a rule to test the pressures with the gauge at least once a week and oftener if there is any reason to suspect air leakage. If there has been more than a pound or two of loss, put the pump on and bring the tyres up to the right pressure. A bit troublesome, I know, but it will save endless vexation and some amount of money.

W. WHITTALL.

"THE ORANGE TREE"—A CORRECTION.

In "The Glories of Bond Street Past and Present" which appeared in EVE's Bond Street Supplement, May 5, "The Orange Tree" was described as a tea-room over the Humber Motor showrooms, whereas "The Orange Tree" is under Messrs. Humber's shops, and luncheons as well as teas are served in the charming little restaurant.

NOTHING TO WEAR

"I've nothing to wear!" is the constant complaint of the modern Yet she appears to have dresses for morning wear, some smart aftern gowns, and several attractive evening frocks as well as sundry wraps, coats, etc. If enquiries are made into the seeming discrepancy between fact and the statement that she has "nothing to wear," she will explain these things are no longer fresh, or that the colours are out of date or that are soiled. These are women who need Eastman's service. Gowns are no longer fresh can be cleaned to look dainty and charming. Dre cleaned and faded, etc., can be dyed the very latest shades that fas demands. Any mere male who is worried with the "nothing to we complaint should recommend Eastman's, and if he also sends his own and overcoats for their kindly attention, he will find that Eastman's V Service is just what he needs. A brochure will be sent free on applica to Eastman & Son, Ltd., The London Dyers and Cleaners, Acton Vale,

LA REINE DES CREMES

Warmly to be recommended is La Reine des Crêmes, which is spons by the famous Paris house of J. Lesquendieu. It possesses all the clean qualities that a face cream should possess, and, in addition, imparts to face a warm, youthful bloom. Another equally sought-after prepara from this famous house is Eclador, a nail beautifier which is having a mendous vogue. Both preparations are on sale at hairdressers, stores beauty specialists, at a popular price.

LET "RANEE" DELINEATE

your character from your handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to "EVE's" satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting. The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "EVE" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining. All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth, and (4) the colour of your eyes and hair. Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o EVE, 6, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a stamped addressed envelope for reply. In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

TRADE MARK

"OREA"

THE SUPERB

TURKISH CIGARETTE

AN IDEAL SIZE FOR LADIES IS

"C.G."

10/-

PER 100.

For other sizes apply:—

THE OREA CIGARETTE CO.,

35, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Phone: REGENT 0438.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

The Solray treatment is

The ONLY treatment backed by a

WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT CURE

Not Electrolysis *Not a Depilatory*

Consultations invited without any obligation

THE SOLRAY CO., Ltd. (HELEN CRAIG), 123, New Bond Street, W.

'Phone: Gr. svenor 2994 *One minute from Brook Street*

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

Incorporated under Royal Charter Founded 1851

Fulham Road, London, S.W.3

NO LETTERS *NO PAYMENTS*

The Only Special Hospital in London for the Treatment of Cancer

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment, and research into the causes of this dreadful disease.

A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Legacies are earnestly solicited

FUNDS ARE SPECIALLY NEEDED FOR THE RESEARCH, ELECTRICAL AND RADIO-THERAPEUTIC DEPARTMENTS

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. J. Courtney Buchanan, Secretary.

Beauty Youthfulness Good Looks

Their Preservation is A SOCIAL NECESSITY —NOT A LUXURY

Dr. ORESTE SINANIDE, the only Doctor of Medicine who specialised in the subject of Rejuvenation, puts at your disposal his rational FACIAL MEDICAL TREATMENT, based on the latest physiological, anatomical and clinical researches and discoveries, which carried out AT HOME, will positively Preserve, Improve and Restore your Complexion, Features and Contour, will prevent or cure WRINKLES and DOUBLE CHINS at ANY AGE, will enable you to keep or recover a YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Particulars, Advice, or Personal Consultation free.

43, *Dover Street, London, W.1.*

Maison Nicol

A "NICOL" CREATION

THE beautiful transformations designed by the eminent posticheur, Mr. David Nicol, appeal to the lady of unerring judgment and good taste.

The various creations are suitable for ladies of all ages, and in the cases of thin hair, discoloured, or difficulty in dressing, these transformations redeem the original glory of youth.

The sheer skill of the expert artist ensures not the least trace of artificiality. Light in weight, easily adjusted, the naturally wavy hair cannot possibly become straight.

We shall be pleased to forward our illustrated descriptive catalogue for styles available and prices.

MAISON NICOL

170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Two minutes' walk from Piccadilly end of Bond Street

TELEPHONE REGENT 6358 TELEGRAMS: POSTICHEUR, LONDON

SINCE 1802

TRADE MARK

"I find EASTMAN'S splendid

Their methods of cleaning and dyeing are really wonderful. I send everything to them—costumes, hats, gloves, gowns, jumpers, curtains, furniture covers, fur coats—and the menfolk in my family always send their suits and overcoats to Eastman's to be renovated and tailor-pressed. Their charges are moderate & their service quick."

EASTMAN & SON

THE LONDON DYERS AND CLEANERS

Works: ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.3
230 Branches in London and Suburbs
Country Orders returned Carriage paid

The Secret of Slenderness

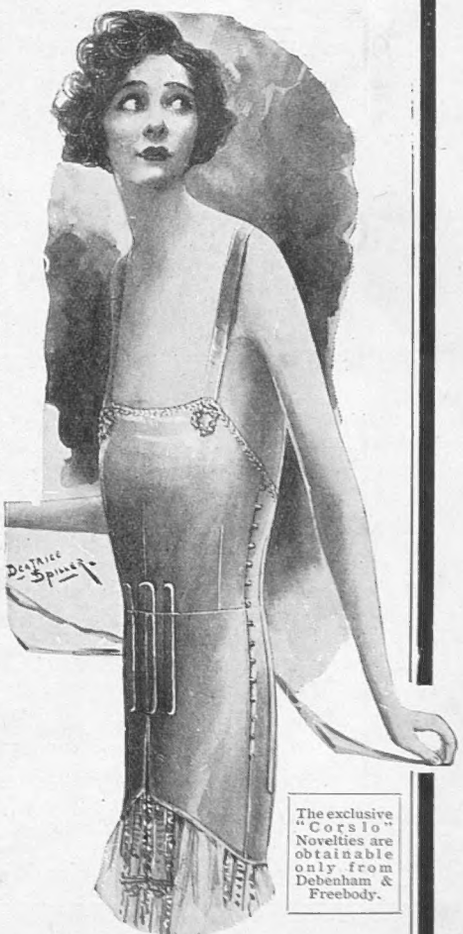
THE "CORSLO CONTOUR" FOR FULL FIGURES

The "Corslo Contour" gives to the fullest figure relief from the irksome and mistaken bondage of stiffly boned and tightly laced corsets, which actually only make stoutness more of a burden and a disfigurement, whereas, when rightly and lightly moulded into long graceful lines there can be dignity and even beauty in figure fullness, while freedom from compression and discomfort will mean improved health and renewed vitality. It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, and so saves the thickness of double materials, and prevents any of the unsightly "ridges and bulges" which ruin the graceful effect of any gown or costume. In order to give the necessary and special support, extra and firmer bones have been introduced in front and at the back, while a hook-and-eye fastening has been arranged at the left side, so that the "Corslo Contour" can be put on without any stooping and then adjusted to a comfortable fitting by the back lacings. When the wearer is seated, graceful lines and absolute ease have been ensured by the cutting up of the skirt part in the centre. As all the bones can be instantly removed, and replaced too, without any sewing, the "Corslo Contour" can be washed as easily as ordinary undergarments, while its cool comfort makes it indispensable for Tropical wear.

"THE CORSLO CONTOUR," made of cotton tricot, hooked under left arm and laced at back, well boned in front with wide supporting steel in centre; removable for washing; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips.

PRICE **73/6**

In best quality Silk Tricot, **6½ Gns.**



The exclusive "Corslo" Novelties are obtainable only from Debenham & Freebody.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.1

Sent on approval. Catalogue post free.

Powder and Pu

"La Naturelle" Transformation

RECENTLY the subject of the return of long hair has again been under discussion. Whether it will once more find favour with grown-ups cannot yet be determined, but it is evident that the flapper with her long plaits or loose curls has again come into being, and perhaps when her grown-up sisters realise what they have sacrificed at the altar of fashion they may be tempted to forsake their crops and shingles and grow their hair. Naturally, if such a decision is reached, there will be difficulties with which to contend during the transition from shingled to long hair; but these can be easily overcome with the aid of one of M. Georges' famous "La Naturelle" transformations. Made of the finest quality naturally wavy hair, these postiches defy the closest inspection, and are perfect reproductions of Nature. Any shade of hair can be matched, and there is a large selection of charming designs at the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., from which to choose. These transformations are from £12 12s. upwards, and for the convenience of patrons who desire it, the "Times" system of payment by instalments is available. M. Georges also specialises in Permanent Waving.

"La Naturelle" Transformation—the Symbol of Perfection. One of many charming designs to be seen at the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDE

HOUSEWIFE.—Rough hands: I was s hear from you again. You really m more care of your hands, as there is n why they should get into this c if you look after them properly. Get of Ess Viotto and use it regularly. find it splendid for keeping the hands f chaps and roughness. Incidentally, it them and gives them a wonderfully tra appearance. It is sold everywhere at a bottle.

M. J.—Powder: I should advise try Elizabeth Arden's new shade of It is called Banana, and having a gr of yellow in it, it takes the red tint the skin, and so is very useful for wo yourself who flush easily and have a rather high colour. It is the very tone of Elizabeth Arden's Poudre d and is obtainable from her salons at Bond Street, W.1.

MRS. A.—Too fat: Have you ev Clark's Thinning Bath Salts? They a lent for reducing superfluous flesh, guaranteed absolutely harmless. It necessary to diet when this treatment undergone; but personally I alway people who are anxious to lose weight off fattening foods such as potatoes and sweet cakes and puddings, and t from drinking at mealtimes. Clark's Bath Salts are obtainable from all c and stores in 1s. 3d. packets, or twelve for 13s. 6d. They may also be obtain from Heppells, 164, Piccadilly, W.1.

MISS D.—Superfluous hair: Yes, thoroughly recommend Veet. It is simple and effective method of remo unsightly growth. You just spread as it comes from the tube, and leave it minutes, then rinse it off and ever of hair is removed, and the skin is left and soft. It is sold by all chemis dressers and stores in 1s. 6d. and 3

JOAN.—Wrinkles: Madame Deta famous French beauty specialist, excellent balm for preventing the ap of wrinkles. It is called Baume d'Au and is obtainable from all the princi dressers, stores and chemists, or dir Madame Detaille's London depot Maddox Street, Regent Street, W. 1 ticularly good for a dry skin, and splendid foundation for powder.

ATTRACTIVE GARDEN FURNITURE

Lounge Hammocks in striped fadeless material, fully upholstered back and ends. Back automatically adjusts itself to the most comfortable position taken by the user. Reversible seat cushion. Iron spring frame.
Price £11-16-6 complete.

Gaily coloured garden or boating cushions. Only a few of a large selection are pictured here. 1, 2, and 5 are appliquéd, 3, 4, and 6 are of casement cloth in combinations of bright colours.

1. Price 10/- each.
2. " 15/9 "
3. " 6/9 "
4. " 5/9 "
5. " 15/9 "
6. " 12/6 "

Hammock Lounge covered in artistic cretonne. Varnished framework of selected hardwood. Interlined strong canvas. Price 79/6 each. In striped canvas, Price 47/6 each. In green rot proof canvas, Price 55/6 each.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON

Look Young

IT is much simpler to look young than one imagines. The Parisiennes have for many years had the secret of eternal youth, but they kept it to themselves. Now, however, it is common property that DR. DYS's SACHETS do the deed. With the aid of certain CREAMS, POWDERS and 'MAGIC' WATERS that Darsy provides from Dr. Dys's recipes there is now no reason to look a day older at 50 THAN AT 20.

To the uninitiated this may seem exaggerated, but those who have taken the k washing night and morning with these sachets know there is nothing to equal them. The CREME DE BEAUTE and the CREME IDEALE are the accessories that s woman charming—delighted with herself—which is all important.
Send for price list and brochure "PLUS QUE BELLE." To be obtained from LEADING HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES, or direct from the London Agent—

R. SERVENTI, 23/25, Maddox Street, W.

When your Face and Hands are tanned with Sunbur Sea Bathing, or Rough and Freckled, use Clark'

GLYCOLA

Of all Chemists 8d., 1/4, and 3/- per bottle. Sample of "Glycola" Cream for three w from Clark's Glycola, Ltd., 65, Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Tel. Byfleet 274 Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S Pedigree AIREDALES (best protection against burglars). ABERDEENS, CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND, WIRE FOX, SEALYHAMS, From 10 gns. Pups 5 gns. "CLOCK HOUSE" BYFLEET, (Station, Weybridge), SURREY.

FOR WIRELESS AND YOUR CAR

EXIDE

LON BATT